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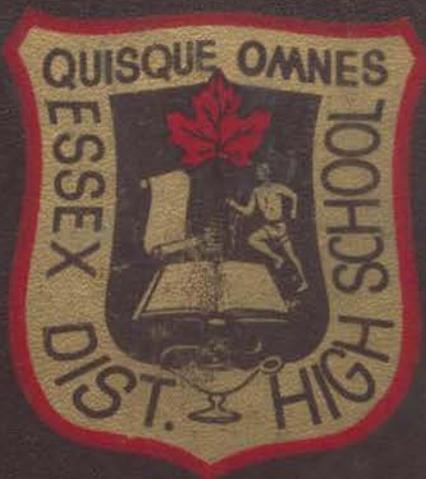
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ESSEX
1965



ARGUS

Essex County Branch of The Ontario Genealogical Society (EssexOGS)

Active Members: Preserving Family History; Networking & Collaborating;
Advocates for Archives and Cemeteries

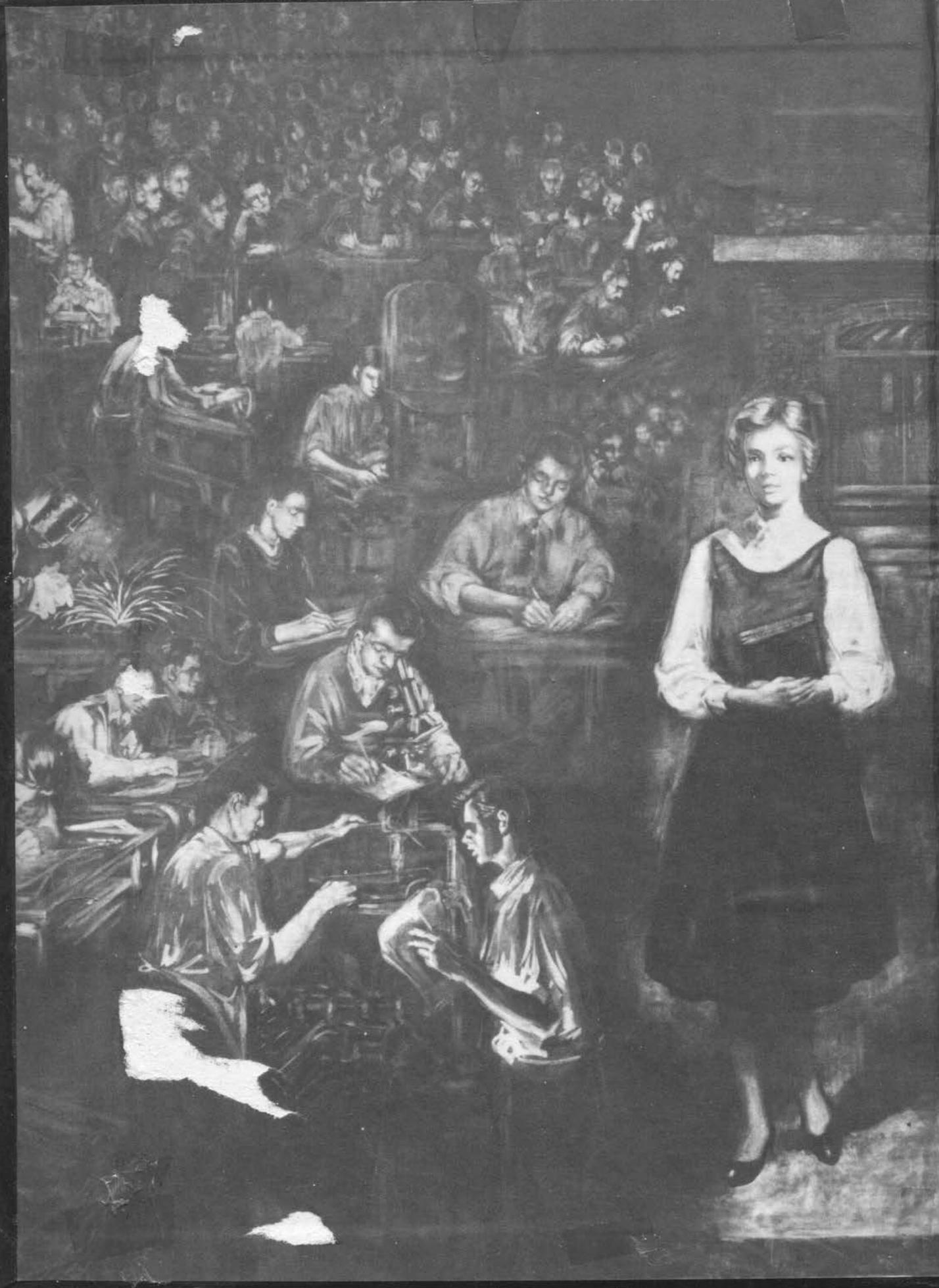
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scanned 2019



Mary Brown 1994



"To Champ"
from

Dave, the RAVE, Hayman

Phil Charette

"face wins over hate"
Halla's Chevalier

Susan Newman

Mr. Tom Wilson

Frances Meloche
11A

Mrs. Eleanor Dietrich
(Dr. F. S. Miller)

Mrs. Helen Chevalier

affo.

Dedication



Elizabeth A.T. Brown

She enters on her tender scheme
Of teaching comprehension with delight
And mingling playful with compassionate thought
Tis her privilege,

Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

William Wordsworth.



Principal's Message

Congratulations to all who worked on last year's Argus. It was a fine publication. The editors promise an even better one this year. This attitude is exactly the one expected from the whole school. We have had excellent results in the Grade 13 examinations with over 94% of all papers passed, and with two Ontario Scholars, and more first and second class papers than ever before. Our graduates from the Science, Technology and Trades branch and from the Commercial branch have had no difficulty securing good positions in industry. We had exceptionally valuable contributions to school life from our athletes, from many pupils working in artistic fields, and from nearly all departments of the school. In the most important phase of our work, the daily process of learning in the classrooms, there have been outstanding achievements.

But to sit down and be satisfied with these results is not enough. Let us all work to make this another good year. To quote from our Code of Manners: "Let E.D.H.S. be known as a school with pupils who reach above-average standards."

W.E. Franke
Principal

Vice-Principal's Message



In discussing the aims of education, Thomas Carlyle, an outstanding nineteenth century writer, stated, "Let each become all that he was created capable of being." This statement presents a great challenge to both the school and the individual pupil. The school must attempt to meet the challenge by providing inspiring teachers and the facilities, and the pupil must respond by living up to his capabilities.

To achieve any goal, you must carefully evaluate your talents and formulate your plans accordingly. Obviously, not too many of us will make a great impact on prosperity, but the important idea is to advance so that you feel at the end of your career that you have in some degree fulfilled the potentialities that you now believe you possess. Do not lose sight of your main objective as you follow current interests. Keep your goals firmly in mind, and remember that no material benefit can really give satisfaction if you realize that you have not fulfilled yourself.

To the 1966 graduates and to those who will be remaining in school for further education, I extend my best wishes.

K.C. McDonald
Vice-Principal

FROM LEFT:
Mrs. Burningham
Miss Fowler
Miss Farough
Mrs. Renaud



Essex District High School Board



BACK ROW: H. Newman (Essex County), T.F. Hooker (Maidstone Twp.), W.T. Brown (Town of Essex), C.A. Mitchell (Rochester Twp.), S. Santo Jr. (Sandwich S. Twp.), E. Strickland (Essex Public School Board). FRONT ROW: C.W. Osborne (Gosfield N. Twp.), L.A. Johnson (Town of Essex), E.A. Michael (Essex Separate School Board), B. Neice (Colchester N. Twp.), W.R. Lefevre (Gosfield N. Twp.).

The need for formal academic and technical training has never diminished. Never has the need been more pronounced than in the space age. The tremendous increase in technological knowledge and skills has created more employment opportunities than were ever imagined possible. Taking advantage of these opportunities is the responsibility of every student. The Board of Essex District High School has assumed the responsibility of providing facilities necessary to prepare for meeting the challenges of the present and the future.

The Board is constantly striving to provide a standard of excellence in selection of staff and building facilities. The opportunity to achieve an education is presented. Our sincere hope is that you will avail yourselves of these opportunities to the fullest extent.

W.R. Lefevre, Chairman
Essex District High School Board.

Staff



FIFTH ROW: Mr. Delaney, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Heenan, Mr. Cox, Mr. LeClair, Mr. Wiebe, Mr. DePaoli, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Little, Mr. Bernath, Mr. Mersereau. FOURTH ROW: Mr. Hutton, Mr. Foster, Mr. Swan, Mr. Gyurcsik, Mr. Crane, Mr. Monk, Mr. Garinger, Mr. Wachhaus, Mr. Murray, Mr. Conlin, Mr. Bracken. THIRD ROW: Mr. DesRosiers, Mr. Pindera, Mr. Monteith, Mr. Boughner, Mr. Foster, Mr. Simone, Mr. Pattison, Mr. Webb, Mr. Bondy, Mr. Meloche, Mr. Klinck. SECOND ROW: Miss Whittle, Mr. Masterson, Dr. Emed, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Krayacich, Mr. Charrette, Mr. Hill, Mr. Dunoon, Mr. Powell, Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Burrell, Mrs. Bondy, Miss Keane. FRONT ROW: Miss Brandon, Miss Robinson, Miss Wicary, Miss Bondy, Mrs. Molinari, Miss Brown, Mr. Franke, Mr. McDonald, Miss Murray, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. Lindstrom, Mrs. Wiebe, Miss Hays, Miss Comartin, Mrs. Franke.





Editorial

The Argus Staff hopes that the student body and teachers of Essex High are proud of the Argus '66. The entire group of Argus members have worked relentlessly to produce an edition of superior quality in order to satisfy your needs. Such an excellent edition can be attained only by perseverance and co-operation from all facets of the school life. We would like to thank all those who helped in the production of this book. New and interesting additions have been made this year and we hope that they will be for the betterment of the book and for your personal enjoyment.

It is a pleasure for me to express my appreciation of the extra efforts made by particular members of the Argus '66 staff. I owe a particular thanks to Diane Bruner, Lorraine Nicholson, Joyce Purvis, Helen Skidmore and Richard Malott who stayed late in the evening on many nights so that this edition would be possible. The Argus would like to express particular gratitude to two teachers, Miss Brandon and Mrs. Bondy, who worked faithfully with us throughout the preparation of the book. Many people believe the editor's tasks are difficult, but these ladies were instrumental in our presentation of the Argus to you.

We especially thank Mr. De Paoli who always responded on a moment's notice to our every whim. He laboured over the transparencies until our cover achieved a distinctive look, and struggled many hours with the dedication, the illustrations and the Honours Pin design.

To those who will be our successors in the following years, may I say that honour and glory are not the products which a member of the yearbook staff experiences but the real honour which we are aware of, is the enjoyment of producing such a fine quality book for years to come.

Dave Libby
Editor



BACK ROW: Mrs. Bondy, Joyce Purvis (Business Manager), Donna Mockett (Social Ed.), Lorraine Nicholson (Copy Ed.), Cheryl Brush (Activities Ed.), Miss Brandon. FRONT ROW: Diane Bruner, (Girls' Sports Ed.), Wesley Flood (Advertising Ed.), Larry Mitchell (Boys' Sports Ed.), Dave Libby (Editor).

GRADUATES





GLENN ADAMS
In spite of his insistence,
"Mrs. Macbeth" remained
Lady Macbeth.



RICHARD BARNETT
"We'll go', I sing; but who
shall say, 'What may not
chance before that day!'"



BRIAN BARRON
"Sword of Common Sense!--
Our surest gift: the sacred
chain Of man to man."



CONNIE BIRCH
"True merit is like a river--
The deeper it is, the less
noise it makes."



ANDREW BLACKBURN
"An able man shows his spirit
by gentle words and resolute
actions; he is neither hot nor
timid."



LYNN BOTHAM
"On the stage she was nat-
ural, simple, appealing."



ANN COWAN
"Love and diligence bring
luck; Success is a result, not
a goal."



MURRAY CURTIS
Wouldn't it be nice to meet
an old school chum after all
those years? "But officer, I
was only doing thirty-five!"



DAVID DAWSON
"Wise to resolve, and patient
to perform."



ANTONY DEVREKER
He left Essex for Elsie!



JAMES ELLIOT
"Choose such pleasures as
recreate much, and cost
little."



JOAN FERGUSON
"A merry heart goes all day,
A sad tires in a mile."



DIANE FIELDS
Mr. Murray daily applauds
Shakespeare: "Her voice was
ever soft, Gentle and loow!"



DOUGLAS FRANCOTTIE
He never thinks of the future,
It comes soon enough.



PATRICIA GALLOWAY
"That inexhaustable good nature, which is itself the most precious gift of heaven."



JOHN GERARD
"Let us be silent, that we may hear the whispers of the gods."



JUDY GOULD
"The beauty of the heavens is the stars; the beauty of women is their hair."



BRIAN GREAVES
"Speak but little and well, if you would be esteemed as a man of merit."



RICHARD GURBIN
"The man who makes the experiment deservedly claims the honour and the reward."



TOMAS HARDY
"Did I ever mention publicly how Hell got started? I didn't think I ever did. Well it was this way...."



DENIS HARRISON
"He who reigns within himself, and who rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king."



DAVID HAYMAN
A basketball in one hand, a clarinet in the other, Daisy can still run the mile in 4:23.



MARY HAYMAN
"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known."



WAYNE HAYLAND
"Manners often make fortunes."



WAYNE IZSAK
"Some people get ideas about the fellow with the perpetual grin. But let no man take it from you!"



CHARLES JESSOP
The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. So if you want to play that guitar, do it!



JEAN KENNEDY
Aptly entitled, "La Boucle D'Or," by Mr. Charrette.



BARBARA KETTLEWELL
"And still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all she knew."



SUZANNE KETTELS
"There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness.."



JEAN LEVY
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." So hath Jean.



SUSAN MANAGHAN
"The truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior."



SHARON MACDONALD
"Abruptness is an eloquence in parting."



JEAN MCKIM
"The most utterly lost of all days is that in which you have not once laughed."



DEBORAH McLENNAN
Off the highways; clear the way Debbie's behind the wheel today.



VERONICA MELOCHE
"Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty."



HARRY MERKESTYN
The pink specimen of the biology class.



DONNA MONTGOMERY
"A joy that's shared is a joy made double."



SUSAN O'NEIL
"Every trait of beauty may be traced to some virtue, as to candour, heroism" ... or purple knees.



TERESA O'NEIL
"When Duty whispers low, thou must, The youth replies, 'I can,'"



BONNIE PEARSON
"Beware the inquisitive person; for he is always a talker."



CLARE RENAUD
"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."



BRYAN SIMON
"I never saw a Purple Cow, I never hope to see one; But I can tell you anyhow; I'd rather see than be one."



NANCY STEWART
"Good humour is the health of the soul."



CATHERINE ST. PIERRE
"The mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself."



LINDA TALBOT
"And protest, only a bubble in the molten mass, pops and sighs out, and the mass hardens."



GLEN TESKEY
President of the Thursday Afternoon Club.



EDWARD TOFFLEMIRE
And he went "whomping" by.



STUART WATSON
"With man, most of his misfortunes are occasioned by man," (and sometimes by basketball).



ROSEMARY WATTS
"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."



RODNEY WENSLEY
Get your facts first, and then you can distort them as you please.



DONNA WOJTALA
"Sleep is the best cure for waking troubles," especially Monday afternoons.



MARK ZIVANOV
"I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."



GLADYS WASS
A spirit yet unquell'd and high, That claims and seeks ascendency."

Valedictorian Address

It is a happy occasion, but it is not without some nostalgia that we bid good-bye to our secondary school careers. The past five years have certainly been full ones.

We made friends and with their help, learned to adjust to our new environment. This was one of our first steps toward maturity. The ability to adjust to new situations and in doing so to cope with them is an absolute necessity in life.

By attending various exhibitions of sport, drama, and music, we found that we preferred different forms of entertainment to others. The tastes which we acquired here will probably remain with us throughout our lives.

The secret of success is co-operation and hard work. In whatever endeavour we undertake, we must strive to do our best.

Our principal and vice-principal, our teachers and our school board have all spent many hours trying to make things easier for us. Our parents were always there when we needed them, ready to give us guidance and moral support. We thank God that we were given the opportunity to attend school in a free country.

In the face of new problems, our responsibility is to establish our individuality in our outlook toward life. It would be apathetic to conform to ideas in which we did not believe.

Now our moral obligation is to use this education to benefit ourselves and others. Regardless which path we follow, we must realize that we never stop learning and that we should never be satisfied with what we have already accomplished.

We should constantly struggle to better ourselves and make the world a better place in which to live. If we keep these factors in mind, we will truly earn the right to call ourselves citizens of Canada.

Darwin Rounding



On Friday, October 22, the main auditorium was filled with the teary eyes and unrestrained grins of many proud parents and friends who had come to see the annual graduation exercises. As the band struck the first notes of a dignified march, the procession of the graduates in all their finery caused several of the tears to spill and the smiles to become somewhat pinched.

However, when the ritual continued with Reverend Barnes' offering of the prayer of invocation, everyone gradually relaxed and enjoyed this formal celebration of scholastic achievement. First, Subject and General Proficiency Awards were presented to the students who had worked efficiently throughout the past year. Then the major event of the evening occurred as Ontario Scholarships were awarded to Jacqueline Osachuk and Darwin Rounding. Subsequently Darwin delivered the valedictory address.

Following the distribution of the Secondary School Graduation Diplomas and Honour Graduation Diplomas, Miss Brown, the Commercial Director, was the "guest" speaker. Her attentive audience shared her fond memories of Essex High School.

After the ceremony, graduates, parents, teachers, and friends gathered to receive refreshments and to congratulate the recipients of scholarships. These winners were as follows:
Jonathon Leitch - University of Guelph Entrance Scholarship;
Jacqueline Osachuk, - University of Windsor Entrance Scholarship;
Darwin Rounding - University of Windsor Entrance Scholarship;
Howard Skidmore - University of Windsor Entrance Scholarship;

To this, may we add our congratulations as well as our thanks to all involved in the organization of a memorable commencement programme.



CLASSES

9A



BACK ROW: Brenda Kwait, Brenda Heyrman, Karen Howe, Marilyn Hannigan, Barbara Wall, Trudy Bellmore, Carolyn McGuire, Brenda Delmore, Bonnie MacKenzie, Lynn Chamberlain, Patricia McLean, Gail Kettlewell. SECOND ROW: Mr. Pindera, Joanne King, Marg Lefebvre, Doreen Eyraud, Susan Santo, Margaret McAuliffe, Anita LeClair, Elizabeth Jessop, Jane Haggins, Jean Shuttleworth, Doris Helbich, Nina Apanasiewicz, Beth Hillary, Kathy Gemmell. FRONT ROW: Gloria Cuthbertson, Rose Spidalieri, Sandy Hicks, Dolores Andrew, Jean Jones, Wendy Kukrainec, Maureen Mullin, Pat Brazil, Mary Ann Hooker, Colleen Robbins.

9B

BACK ROW: Randy Burling, Douglas Welch, George Fairbairn, Richard Chauvin, Basil Bechard, Jim Rundle, Jerry Prosser, Edward Reeb, Jeffrey Grant, Roger Kniffen, Sietse Ridder, Kim Ferguson, Terry Simon. SECOND ROW: Scott Sadler, Robert Skidmore, Gary Horn, Warren Libby, Dennis Voakes, Bruce Linton, Jim Linton, Bill McCarthy, Bill Mitchell, Jim Frith, Clarke Heaton, Paul Hepburn. FRONT ROW: David Ouellette, Jim Eldridge, Randy Renaud, Bruce Banks, Mr. Wachhaus, Mike O'Neil, Peter Van Kempen, Neil Weston, Ken Morley, Wayne Bissonnette.



9C1



BACK ROW: Laura Calhoun, Janet Burden, Robert Giles, Philip Howson, Patrick Seguin, Donald Durocher, Ian Gilmour, Gary Guilbeault, Howard Kneale, John Field, Mary Lou Reilly, Leslie Smith. SECOND ROW: Sandra Cascadden, Janet McWilliam, Stafford Shepley, Sandra Englbrecht, Glendale Layson, Lesley Sedgman, Christine Wall, Barbara Ross, Wilma Westmass, Frances Bustyn, Ann Bunn, Bonnie Vidamour, Debra Goodburn, Katherine Shepley, Mrs. Lindstrom. FRONT ROW: Cathy Jussila, Dorothy Ivanisko, Beverley Banfill, Mary Jane Matthys, Jane Mackie, Beverley Squire, Candace Kaake, Karen Batley, Brenda Meloche, Denise Galipeau, Drinda Smith, Patricia Shields.



9C2

BACK ROW: Art Quick, Bill Pringle, Jim Renaud, Bob Cunningham, Gary Bain. SECOND ROW: Barbara Wharf, Sharon Borland, Doug Lester, Jerry O'Neil, Hans Haverkamp, Dennis Neels, Beth Tuite, Janice Burns. FRONT ROW: Maxine Brookes, Sheila Buhler, Mary Count, Linda McKenzie, Mrs. Wiebe, Faye Vator, Linda Knight, Shirley Reh, Petty Large. ABSENT: Pauline Gagnon.

9C3

BACK ROW: Marjorie Counsell, Cheryl Kniffen, Pamela Sexton, Colleen MacKenzie, Linda Counsell, Norma Laframboise. SECOND ROW: Susan Dutoit, Elaine Desmarais, Irene Lafleur, Mary Sweet, Anne Havinga, Valerie Laframboise, Virginie Bradt. FRONT ROW: Rachel Mailoux, Helen Makish, Vicki Hickmott, Linda Grondin, Miss Hays, Carol-Anne Morrison, Edna Hamlin, Linda Robinson, Wendy Brooker, Penny Padbury. ABSENT: Linda Iler, Gay Argue.



9D

BACK ROW: Merle Damm, Bill Burling, Cornelius Neudorf, Harry Flint, Norbert Wiebe, Doug Calhoun, Jim Addison, Richard Greenaway. SECOND ROW: Marilyn Osachuk, Ann McKelvie, Kathy MacKenzie, Vickie Harold, Nancy Taylor, Margaret Hill, Pam Reeb, Andrea Goegebeur, Darlene Reeb, Pat Damm, Doris St. Louis. FRONT ROW: Wendy Price, Brenda Plant, Beth Foster, Sheila Mockett, Sharon Holden, Miss Keane, Vickie Kigar, Mary Hamilton, Kathy Vincent, Theresa Takacs. ABSENT: Norma Matlack.



9E

BACK ROW: John Cascadden, Donald Pastorius, Gordon O'Neil, Danny Gould, Bill Bellaire, Michael Seguin, Tim Hillman, Danny Gray. SECOND ROW: Don Ramsay, Tom McCarthy, Teresa King, Connie Rupert, Debbie Kettels, Elisabeth DeWaal, Sheila St. Louis, Gail Simard, Madeline Deleersnyder, Wayne Quinlan, Ron Croft. FRONT ROW: Patty Shepley, Mary Ann Chartier, Mel Wallace, Joanne Lavin, Bonny Balkwill, Mrs. Molinari, Elaine Mailloux, Judy O'Neil, Jeanne Langis, Karen Bruner, Nancy Leroux. ABSENT: Carolyn Rollo, Gordon Wright.

901,02,03

BACK ROW: Gordon Walsh, Dennis Carriere, Francis Crawford, Barry Sweet, Ronald Damm, Richard Bradt, Hugh Whaley, John Gerry, David McCallum, William Harrison, Larry Anger, Kenneth Ryall. SECOND ROW: Mr. LeClair, Robert Holman, Jack Valade, Rodney Lambier, James O'Connor, Michael Hamelin, Mr. Simone, Ronald Quinlan, Wayne Moore, Melvyn Bowns, Kevin Miller, Donald Bradt, Mrs. Burrell. FRONT ROW: Mary Jane Quick, Jo-Anne Oullette, Marietta Baylis, Mary Paquette, Barbara Baylis, Sheila Jackson, Jane Baldwin, Gloria La Marsh, Josephine Ruthven. ABSENT: William Rawlins, Stewart McLean, Donald Ruston.



9J1



BACK ROW: John Fox, Peter Nikita, Greg Devreker, Lawrence Breault, Allan Ferris, Gary Pillion. SECOND ROW: Douglas Brown, Ron Henricks, Ron Kellington, Craig Lefevre, Francis O'Connor, Douglas Reeb. FRONT ROW: Richard Elford, Gary Garrod, Ken Watson, Mr. Gyurcsik, Fred Wagner, Randy Pearson, John Van Grinsven. ABSENT: Bill Namespetra.

9J2



BACK ROW: Mr. Cox, Leonard Jones, Terrence Mathews, Dale McMurren, Lloyd Knight, Garry Newman, Robert Butts, Dale Ferriss, Wayne Shepley, John McCloskey, John Nikita, Larry McCarthy. SECOND ROW: Doug Weatherbie, Mike Lepine, Donald McKenzie, Patrick Ward, Nicholas Heinz, Norman Mills, Randy Lambier, Kenneth Boltzer, Rick Hickmott, Leo Ouellette, Ralph Grondin, Donald McLennan. FRONT ROW: Wgyn Farough, John Stacey, John Kok, Peter Wolters, Danny Hart, Danny Reaume, Norman Knette, Ronald Ouellette, Stuart Vandervaart, Harry Grondin, George Mills. ABSENT: Wayne Ronald, Edward Rivest.

9J3

BACK ROW: Roger Thibodeau, John Beetham, Jack Bostin, Tim Flood, Alfred Enns, Robert St. Louis, Donald McDermott, Larry Bacon, Douglas Rocheleau, Bruce Heil, Wayne Baldwin, Allan Ruhart. SECOND ROW: Michael Deehan, Ronald Colombe, Robert Hartley, Gustav Zavaros, Ed Vanderaa, Leo Lafleur, Blair Banks, Glen Miller, Timothy McAuliffe, David Tilley. FRONT ROW: Lawrence Hamlin, Thomas Bondy, Kenneth Tenant, Michael Barrette, Wesley Mulcaster, Mr. Krayacich, Bob Pierce, Ted VanGrinsven, Robert Sweetman, Patrick Diemer. ABSENT: David Evans, Stan Wortley.



10A

BACK ROW: Marilyn Kettlewell, Margaret Collins, Linda Lumby, Helen Knight, Judy Smith, Kathy Farough. SECOND ROW: Gloria McGuire, Nancy Merritt, Luise VonFlotow, Maxine LaChance, Caroline Ramsay, Janet Tuite, Cathy Price. FRONT ROW: Carol Valade, Sheila King, June Le Blanc, Mr. Morgan, Arlene Koehler, Susan Reeb, Ann Burling. ABSENT: Karen Kirkman, Darlene Wagner.



10B

BACK ROW: Karen Griffin, Margaret Haas, Bonnie Scott, Susan Slot, Maureen Waltz, Ann Weller. SECOND ROW: Carlene Esping, Barbara Ferguson, Helen Eyraud, Linda Heyrman, Ann Ferguson, Gloria Doan. FRONT ROW: Connie Hermann, Maureen Boyd, Linda Tremblay, Mr. Klinck, Linda Kettle, Bonnie Newman, Linda Dallimore.

10C₁, J₁

BACK ROW: Jim Goegebeur, Robin Groves, Erle Grant, Greg Watson, Ross Barlow. SECOND ROW: Barry Burystyn, Bob Garrett, Steve Ivanisko, Mr. Garinger, Michael Piskun, Brad Bertram. FRONT ROW: Moira Axcell, Linda Newman, Claudette Caza, Joy Benoit, Mary Neice, Jeannine Marentette, Kathy Hazzard, Margaret Ivanisko, Nancy Gignac. ABSENT: Bonnie Boose, Grant Stevenson, Stan Reeb.



10C₂

BACK ROW: Andrea Renaud, Barbara Price, Connie Stockwell, Gloria Flood, Marlyn Brown, Shirley Rounding, Susan Numan, Barbara Granger. SECOND ROW: Pamela Manion, Betty Robinson, Susan Elford, Renni Vanderheide, Judy Moore, Nancy Tytgat, Peggy Meloche, Barbara Scott, Linda Kendrick. FRONT ROW: Norma Ganderton, Susan Dicker, Dianne Hamlin, Peggy Large, Ruby Krug, Rosemary Vermeulen, Rosalind Stickwood, Ann Holinworth, Beverly Allen, Pierina Rainelli, Linda O'Neil. ABSENT: Kay Shepley. TEACHER: Mr. Delaney.



10C3

BACK ROW: Scott Colenutt, Robert VidAmour, Ted Prosser, Michael Lapain, Mr. Foster, Gordon Moore, Richard Lecuyer, Clarence Beneteau. SECOND ROW: Bonnie Phillips, Josephine St. Louis, Patsy Meloche, Mary Lou Neels, Sue Raymond, Carolyn Horn, Pauline St. Louis, Pearl Taylor, Susan Phillips. FRONT ROW: Suzanne Beneteau, Nancie O'Halloran, Peggy Neupert, Linda Gammon, Reita Maedel, Ann Simard, Linda Uklainec, Rebecca Shilson, Sandra Shepley, ABSENT: Dorothy Gunning.

10D

BACK ROW: Dick Sweet, Brian Mulcaster, Larry Layson, Bill Shain, Ron Matlack, Pat Barron, Brian Cowan, Bob Zivanov. SECOND ROW: Frank Lepain, Barry Elford, Allan Bennett, Tom Markham, Ron McBeth, Howard Coneybear, Percy Rounding, Ross Bishop. FRONT ROW: Jim Howe, Dave Ginter, Ejay Queen, Pat Mullin, Mr. Harrison, Tom Managhan, Eric Naylor, Jim McFarlane. ABSENT: Charles Foster.



10E

BACK ROW: Tim Robson, Tom Gray, Stuart Aylesworth, Brad Selwood, Daryl Rupert, Michael Brushett, George McKim. SECOND ROW: Sherry Weaver, Mona Rock, Pat Blackburn, Mr. Mersereau, Shirley Ducharme, Cathy McLean, Marg Chauvin, Donna Snider. FRONT ROW: Bonnie Battersby, Lorna Robert, Karen Noble, Kathleen Hedge, Nan Bulley, Lynda Holden, Cathy Leroux, ABSENT: Earlene Rollo.



10 01,03

BACK ROW: Mr. Conlin, Tom Cohoe, Terry Luyten, Bill Lankin, Wayne Walpole, Clark Richardson, Jim Young, Douglas Stiers, Art Barnett, Richard Drouillard, Mr. Wilson. FRONT ROW: Carolyn Gee, Marilyn Scott, Carol Ferguson, Sandra Sexton, Juliette Langis, Gloria Jannack, Betty Salisbury, Linda Lesperance. ABSENT: Sheila Vollans, Clare Hamelin, Stewart Gibbons.

10J2

BACK ROW: Malcolm Jewell, David Shuttleworth, Ray Hicks, Dave Kanpp, Ray Lemming, Gary Morrison, Steven Reid, Ray Walsh, Lloyd Heil, SECOND ROW: Pete Jussila, Philip Grayce, Robert Cosens, Grant Copeland, Jim Croft, Paul Ward, Mr. J.G. Foster, Brian Tilley, Terry Eagle, Jeff Wright, Bill Matlack, John Hebert. FRONT ROW: Terry Shura, Barry Reaume, David Hedge, Luc Mailloux, Edward Grondin, Rick Watson, Larry Brindley, Bill Koehler, Bob McGuire, Ron McLean. ABSENT: Tom Collings, Jim Keeley, Frank McLean.



10J3

BACK ROW: Charles Salter, Richard Ruston, Brad Knight, Doug Ciphey, Gary Flewelling, Mike Trepanier, Jim Scratch, Terry Trimmer, Doug Pollard, Robert Englbrecht, Ernie Shepley. SECOND ROW: Richard Van Eenoo, Stan Reeb, Bryan Cook, Roger Scratch, Doug Myles, Joe Couture, Ron Mulcaster, Larry Garrod, Doug Stroud, Robert Stewart, Gordon Martin. FRONT ROW: Gerry Miller, Gerald Smith, Bob Wallace, Lawrence Gignac, Mr. Pattison, Antoine Lajoie, Dale Washbrook, Bob Pillon, Ray Renaud, Terry McCracken. ABSENT: John Munger, Dennis Putman.



11A

BACK ROW: Veronica Dickerson, Irene Chouinard, Judy Mahon, Jayne Stotts, Gwen Reeb, Dorothy Zivanov, Nancy Maedel, Mona Boer, Laura Martin, Sandra Balind, Karen Pauss, Joanne Moore. FRONT ROW: Mary Hurley, Julie Ann Seguin, Kathy McCarthy, Debbie Stowe, Mr. Charrette, Bonnie Stockwell, Ella-Jo Chevalier, Jeannine Gagnon, Sue Leitch.

11B

BACK ROW: Rick Kellington, Jim Collins, Stan Griffin, Andy Siefler, Richard Vicary, Ron Sadler, Harry Boer, Don Denver. SECOND ROW: Jim McLean, Robert McKelvie, John McWilliam, Milton Zivanov, Cornell Forden, Mr. Hill, George Dawson, Charlie Wambeke, Tim McGuire, John Maathuis. FRONT ROW: Ed Burling, John Bunn, Martin Jerome, Gene Gemmell, Tom Lauzon, Larry Maelbrancke, Ron Burrows, Allan Queen. ABSENT: Frank Sebestyen.



11C1, J1

BACK ROW: Glenn Hooker, Larry Mitchell, Pat Langan, Bob Brown, Doug Banfill. SECOND ROW: Art Mitchell, Susan Weston, Jean Kennette, Mr. Meloche, Mary Ann Westmaas, Becky Stevenson, Eric Colenutt. FRONT ROW: Nancy Stevenson, Barbara Thompson, Linda Tennant, Terry Cronmiller, Sheila Prince, Dianne Goodburn.





11C2

BACK ROW: Gloria Smith, Vickie Layson, Nancy Batten, Mr. Powell, Diane Martin, Angela Blackburn, Sur Wilson. FRONT ROW: Sue Simpson, Galdina Crevatin, Gail Hickmott, Marabelle Tapping, Marg Rollo, Karen Boose, Ronna Humphries. ABSENT: Joy Armstrong, Mary Jane McCann, Sheila Cullen.

11C3, 11C4

BACK ROW: Barry Kaufman, John Langan, Richard Gullick, David Desmarais, Arthur Sweet, Douglas Queen, Donald Lauzon. SECOND ROW: Miss Bondy, Eva Zwick, Monica Hill, Eileen Morley, Kathleen Tilden, Barbara Ruston, Lynn Mulcaster, Shirley Stacey, Susanne Morrison, Linda Wright, Janis Rounding, Dorothy Doan, Mr. Monk. FRONT ROW: Marlene Holden, Doris Holden, Donna Carder, Elizabeth Wallace, Colleen Wallace, Sharon Adams, Sandra Mathews, Wilma Gibbons, Shirley Brookes, Evelyne Jackson, ABSENT: Jean Bena, Mary Lou Roath, Kathleen Robinson.



11D

BACK ROW: John Reeb, Wesley Flood, David Eldridge, Arnold Wruskowiak, Doug Moyes, Tom Bain, Robert Bryden. SECOND ROW: Harold Bellamy, Richard Maltott, Mike Markham, Keith Meloche, Bill Chambers, Bill McMullen, Raymond Kigar, Mike Libby. FRONT ROW: Elizabeth Laforet, Elaine Cook, Suzanne Pelchat, Karen Andrews, Isabelle Heibich, Mary Ann Rosafort, Heidi Haas. ABSENT: Cheryl Damm.



11E

BACK ROW: Lorne Weaver, Herman Posma, Richard St. Louis, John Dutot, Bob Pearson, Richard Howson, Ken Gough. SECOND ROW: Ken McLean, Jim Boose, Allan Colenutt, Miss Brandon, Gerry Ducharme, Brian Weaver, Dick Brett. FRONT ROW: Kathie Henderson, Ginna Lee Brown, Jane Stitt, Joanne Large, Rollande Fournier. ABSENT: Wayne Ducharme, David Count.

11J2

BACK ROW: Pete Siefker, Robert Vagi, Larry Labrecque, Raymond White, Nick Jewell, George O'Neil, Alfred Wigle. SECOND ROW: Virgil Smith, Tom Brincombe, Al Holden, Bryan Fowler, Bob Cowan, Charlie Armstrong, Jim Colenutt. FRONT ROW: Gerry Bloomfield, Dave Blais, Mr. Bernath, Doug Iler, Bill McKay, Rick Weatherbie, ABSENT: Bill Borland.



11J3

BACK ROW: Rick Farough, Doug Lyppe, Gerry Lebert, Robert Dawson, Bill Dresser, Lloyd Billingsley, Doug Ross, Ken Baylis, Dave Grondin. SECOND ROW: Bob MacKenzie, Wayne Osborne, Russ Banfil, Wayne Eden, Vince Chodash, Paul Gignac, Bernard Collins, Dave Marchand. FRONT ROW: Allan Labombard, Larry Allen, Brian Brockman, Jim Little, Mr. Swan, Jim Gerard, Robin Farough, Goverd Balvert, Dave Brindley. ABSENT: Don Vannack, Richard Dufresne.





11⁷⁴

BACK ROW: George Fox, Jack Dufour, Ward Northage, Zweris Merkestyn, Steve Mullen, Tom Ruston, Bill Robinson, Maurice Parent, Dave Scratch. SECOND ROW: Ron Talbot, Bill Burrows, Henry Lesperance, Dave Gregg, Greg Phillips, Morley Stephens, Charles Curtis, Frank Van Grinsven. FRONT ROW: Charlie Taylor, Rveal Caza, Dennis O'Sullivan, Mr. Webb, Brian Shepley, Leonard Gregor, Garry Demars, Ken Lachapelle. ABSENT: George Seabourne.

12^A

BACK ROW: Ron McCloskey, John McFarlane, Glen Deline, Phil Sedgman, Mr. Murray, Joe Bedford, Kelly Kirkman, Wayne Miller, Terry Miller. FRONT ROW: Bonny Goegebeur, Martha Sadler, Cheryl Brush, Ruth-Ann Boos, Marsha Sadler, Jane VanderBecht, Caron Stitzinger, Joyce Ukrainec, Frances St. Pierre.



12^B



BACK ROW: James MacKenzie, Matthew Bol, Donald Crowder, Robert Walker, Wayne Pye, David Libby, Larry Birch, Ernie Chauvin, Keith MacKenzie, Dennis Kosokowsky, Brian Lampert, John Robinson. SECOND ROW: Russell Cook, Susan Linton, Helen Skidmore, Katherine Scott, Catherine Fox, Jaine Whitlock, Mary Ramsay, Charlotte Bellamy, Doreen Seabourne, Peggy Reeb, Donna Ramsay, Richard Pretli, Mr. Hutton, FRONT ROW: Francis Meloche, Linda Ferguson, Ann Tulett, Janet Padbury, Cisco Maden, Donna Mockett, Barbara Eyraud, Susan Hoover, Marjorie Ruston.



12C1, J1

BACK ROW: Terry Roberts, Bernard Eyraud, George Marshall, Diane Bruner, Tim Fitch, Doug Gammon. SECOND ROW: Carolyn Bruner, Brenda Smith, Lorraine Nicholson, Sue Calhoun, Mrs. Bondy, Eloise Steels, Nancy Brincombe, Joyce Purvis, Francine Lachance.

12C2, C3

BACK ROW: Brian Cunningham, Wilf Bondy, Fred Numan, Bob Shaw, Larry Martin, Bob Batten. SECOND ROW: Ursula Lachine, Janet Copeland, Linda Nebesniuk, Jean Meloche, Mr. Boughner, Linda Rounding, Elaine Dunn, Norma Shepley, Laura Pailey, Nancy Chartier. FRONT ROW: Monica Bradt, Carol Stickwood, Sherry Harvey, Elaine Trepantier, Sharon Jarrett, Sandra Lespereance, Joan Hall, Vivie Lemming, Janet Teskey.



12E

BACK ROW: Judy Stowe, Sharon Shuttleworth, Janet Stevenson, Rose Marie Lebert, Jill McLean, Sharon Steed, Evelyn Maelbrancke. SECOND ROW: Linda Morrison, Sheryl Francottie, Chris Smith, Heather Simpson, Mr. Bracken, Roberta Pritchard, Mary Margaret Clare, Katherine Russell.



12J

BACK ROW: Don Marshall, Murray Chevalier, Jim Jewell, John Bover, Randy Scratch, Ed Valenciuk, Dave Bartholomew, Robbie Lauzon, Ed Chapman, Richard Cloutier, Mr. Crane. FRONT ROW: Allan Walls, Lorne Pastorius, Paul Dallimore, John Ruston, Richard Taylor, Robert Allison, Bob Fournier, Robert Linton. ABSENT: Frank Fekcs, Dale Clarkson, Scott Clare.

12J₂, J₃, J₄

BACK ROW: Daniel Beun, Samuel Pailey, Steve Knight, Bill Jobin, Bob Souchereau, Henry Armstrong, Keith Boles, Doug Arnold, Steve Leili, SECOND ROW: Mr. Little, Volker Haas, Wayne Roath, Ronald Standon, Brian Labombard, Gordon Shuttleworth, Larry Renaud, Richard Renaud, Frank Seabourne, Casey Balvert. FRONT ROW: Wayne Bauer, Don Mullin, Clare Hartley, Doug Mills, Dave Prince, Karl Kessel, Ron Elford, Doug Hazael, Richard Kelley.



S.C.

BACK ROW: Rose-Anne St. Louis, Lissa Cox, Linda Chauvin, Linda Taylor, Sharon Fitch, Carol Finlay, Barb Larkin, Louise Brookland, Iris Quick, Margot Stockwell, Barbara Garrett, Alma Kenrette. SECOND ROW: Judy Dicker, Judi Marlatt, Linda MacKenzie, Bruce Scretton, Pat Brockman, Dale Steed, Lynn Moyes, Gary Baltzer, Maureen Fysh, Joy Johnston, Miss Robinson. FRONT ROW: Claire Caza, Donna Croucher, Diane Myrtle, Margaret Rajki, Carol-Ann Carr, Karen Lambier, Madeleine Renaud, Beth Calhoun, Jane Lefevre, Joyce Hill.

ORGANIZATIONS



Library Club



BACK ROW: Richard Greenway, Peggy Large, Barbara Thompson, Marjorie Ruston, Nancy Stevenson, Mary Niece, Sharon Shuttleworth, Isabella Helbich, Rose Lebert, Nancy Tytgat, Karen Howe, Wilma Westmaas, Cathy Fox, Ruth Ann Boos, Mary Ann Westmaas, Judy Moore, Mary Sweet, Veronica Dickerson, Joanne Moore, Mary Ann Rosaforte, Beth Hillary, Ronald McBeth. SECOND ROW: Richard Malott, Catherine Shepley, Barbara Grainger, Margaret Lefebvre, Joanne King, Doris Helbich, Linda Ukrainec, Carolyn McGuire, Sue Elford, Susan Weston, Brenda Delmore, Anne Havinga, Candy Kaake, Pam Reeb, Evelyn Maelbrancke, Rose Spidalieri, Gloria Cuthbertson, Cathy LeRoux, Andrea Renaud, Susan Newman, Michael Lepain. FRONT ROW: Colleen Mackenzie, Wendy Ukrainec, Doris St. Louis, Joyce Purvis, Cisco Maden, Veronica Meloche, Pat McLean, Mr. Des Rosiers, Bonnie Goegebeur, Lorraine Nicholson, Helen Skidmore, Linda Morrison, Linda Gammon, Frances Meloche, Anne Holinworth, Margaret McAuliffe. ABSENT: Diane Bruner, Karen Batley, Gail Kettlewell, Sharon Adams, Heather Simpson, Mona Boer.

Electronics Club



BACK ROW: Leonard Gregor, Frankie Van Grinsvin, Casey Balvert, Henry Lesperance, Jim Howe, Eric Naylor. FRONT ROW: Bill Robinson (Vice-Pres.), Dave Gregg, Chuck Curtis, Zweris Merkestyn (Sec.-Tres.), Bill Burrows (Pres.), George Fox, Volker Haas, Mr. Webb, Steve Mullin (S.C. Rep.), Jack Dufour, Ward Northage, Bill Shain, Brian Cowan, Brian Tilley. ABSENT: Robert Cosens.

Students Council



BACK ROW: Brian Cunningham, Glen Hooker, Gary Baltzer, Bob Wallace, Gordon Walsh, Ken Tennant, Terry Roberts, Ken Baltzer, Pat Ward, Robert Bryden, Paul Hepburn, Ted Prosser, Tom Bain, Howard Coneybeare, John Bover, Robert Linton. FOURTH ROW: Brian Labombard, Tony Devrecker, Nick Jewell, Ian Gilmore, George O'Neil, Joe Bedford, Dave Hayman, Bill Dresser, David Desmarais, Greg Watson, Brian Weaver, Gord Shuttleworth, Stuart Alysworth. THIRD ROW: Doug Hazael, Tim Robson, Bill Bellaire, Ann Ferguson, Sharon Adams, Judy Mahon, Sharon Fitch, Gwen Reeb, Jane Stitt, Nancy Stewart, Brenda Delmore, Elaine Cook, Pam Manion, Suzanne Morrison, Tom Lauzon, Frank Lepain. SECOND ROW: Glen Deline, Beth Calhoun, Evelyn Jackson, Barbara Thompson, Janet Tesky, Margaret Collins, Carol Ferguson, Evelyn Maelbrancke, Cheryl Brush, Doris St. Louis, Karen Bruner, Margret Collins, Roberta Pritchard, Mary Sweet, Mary Niece, Jim Collins. FRONT ROW: Monica Bradt (Treas.), Joyce Purvis (Corres. Sec.), Harold Bellamy (2nd Vice-Pres.), Matthew Bol (Pres.), Mr. Charrette (Staff Advisor), Rose-Ann St. Louis (1st Vice-Pres.), Clair Caza (Sec.). ABSENT: Don Crowder, Marjorie Ruston.

Argus



BACK ROW: Jeannine Gagnon, Roberta Pritchard, Helen Skidmore, Howard Coneybeare, Raymond Kigar, Larry Birch, Richard Malott, Frank Lepain, Bob Allison, Marjorie Ruston, Laura Martin. SECOND ROW: Jean McKim, Donna Ramsay, Mary-Anne Rosaforte, Nancy Madel, Connie Birch, Doreen Seabourne, Mary Ramsay, Isabella Helbich, Mona Boer, Peggy Reeb, Rose-Anne St. Louis, Ella-jo Chevalier, Linda Gammon. FRONT ROW: Mrs. Bondy, Lorraine Nicholson, Cheryl Brush, Wesley Flood, Dave Libby, Jim MacKenzie, Donna Mockett, Joyce Purvis, Larry Mitchell, Miss Brandon. ABSENT: Cathy St. Pierre, Donna Wojtola, Diane Bruner.

Glee Club



BACK ROW: Ann Weller, Janis Rounding, Ann Tullet, Janet Padbury, Rose-Anne St. Louis, Cheryl Brush, Karen Andrews, Ruth-Ann Boos, Nancy Maedel, Jane Stitt (Sec.), Rose Lebert, Marsha Sadler (Pianist), Barbara Ross, Gwen Reeb, Caron Stitzinger, Susan Slote, Bill Burrows, Jim Scratch, Doug Calhoun, Jim Collins, Glen Deline, Stan Griffin, Larry Birch. FOURTH ROW: Janet Copeland, Peggy Reeb, Pierina Rainelli (Sec.), Marilyn Osachuck, Andrea Goegebeur, Joy Benoit, Nancy Taylor, Pam Reeb, Catherine Price, Louis VonFlotow, Becky Stevenson, Carolyn Horn, Sharon Steed, Kathy Hazzard, Vicky Kigar, Ann Bunn, Warren Libby, Ken McLean, Skip Flint, Jim Addison, Glen Teskey. THIRD ROW: Rollande Fournier, Evelyn Maelbrancke, Helen Eyraud, Connie Hermann, Marg Collins, June LeBlanc, Katherine Russell, Catherine MacKenzie, Ann McKelvie, Sue Reeb, Linda Lumby, Nancy Gignac, Veronica Meloche, Linda Newman, Scott Sadler, George McKim, Bob Garrett, Brian Cowan, Michael Brushett. SECOND ROW: Suzanne Beneteau, Carlene Esping, Kathy Farough, Bonnie Goegebeur, Martha Sadler, Beverley Banfil, Moira Axcel, Sandy Hicks, Glennalee Layson, Dorothy Ivanisko, Kathy Vincent, Darlene Reeb, Susan Santo, Jim Frith, Doug Brown, Brian Lampert, John Bunn. FRONT ROW: Sue Wilson, Bonnie Philips, Frances Meloche, Patty Large, Ann Hollinworth, Vicky Harold, Marg Ivanisko, Janet McWilliam, Mr. Masterson, Strafford Shepley, Mary Lou Reilly, Karen Pauss, Jeannie Gagnon, Clarence Beneteau, Charles Wambeke. ABSENT: Scott Clare (Pres.), Mac Jewell, Lissa Cox, Rose Mary Watts, Beverley Squire, Diane Bruner.

Art and Poster Club



BACK ROW: Jeff Grant, Ted Prosser, Jerry Prosser, Harold Bellamy, Warren Libby, Jim Jewel, Howard Coneybeare. SECOND ROW: Wendy Ukrainec, Nancy Tytgat, Brenda Delmore, Joanne King, Janet Tuite, David Ginter, Teresa King, Debbie McLennan, Gloria Flood, Margaret Lefebvre. FRONT ROW: Martin Jerome, Jayne Stotts, Valerie Laframboise, June LeBlanc, Mr. De Paoli. ABSENT: Glen Deline, Marilyn Kettlewell.

Sr. Band



BACK ROW: Trudy Bellmore, Art Quick, Barry Kaufman, Ron Matlack, Mike Brushett, Ross Bishop, Allan Bennett, Jim Howe, Tom Gray. FOURTH ROW: Doug Ciphey, Frank Lepain, Gerald Smith, Percy Rounding, Chuck Salter, Doug Calhoun, Ejay Queen, Ron Burrows, Charles Foster, Gary Horn, Jim Frith. THIRD ROW: George McKim, Connie Hermann, Maureen Boyd, Sue Elford, Bonnie Newman, Margaret Chauvin, Helen Eyrard, Dick Sweet, Mary-Lou Neels. SECOND ROW: George O'Neil, Karen Griffin, Ann Ferguson, Barb Ferguson, Linda Tremblay, Eric Naylor, Terry Roberts, Maureen Woltz, Linda Dallimore, Ann Weller. FRONT ROW: Virgil Smith, Carolyn Horn, Susan Slote, Dave Hayman, Linda Kettle, Linda Heyrman, Elizabeth Jessop, ABSENT: Tom Field, Doug Arnold, Jim Renaud, Larry Birch, Helen Skidmore.



Jr. Band

BACK ROW: Jim Addison, Bill Mitchell, Mike O'Neil, Trudy Bellmore, Robert Skidmore, Wayne Ronald, Jeff Grant, Kim Ferguson, Jerry Prosser, Merle Damm. FOURTH ROW: Maureen Mullin, Karen Howe, Barb Wall, Norbert Wiebe, Bruce Linton, Bill Burling, Jim Linton, Gordon Wright, Warren Libby. THIRD ROW: Kathy Vincent, Andrea Goegebeur, Theresa Takacs, Mary Hamilton, Vicki Harold, Gloria Cuthbertson, Gail Kettlewell, Jim Rundle. SECOND ROW: Norma Matlack, Sandy Hicks, Kathy Mackenzie, Terry Simons, Randy Burling, Margaret McAuliffe, DeLores Andrew. FRONT ROW: Donna Snider, Joanne King, Dr. Emed, Beth Foster, Beth Hillary, Ann McKelvie, Nancy Taylor. ABSENT: Hans Haverkamp.

Drama Club



BACK ROW: Richard Greenaway, Barry Elford, Jim MacKenzie, Richard Malott, Ron McBeth, Steve Ivanisko, Doug Banfil, Joe Bedford, Dave Libby, Bob Pearson, Eric Naylor, Bob Allison, FOURTH ROW: Linda Morrison, Dave Gregg, George O'Neil, Volker Haas, Bill Shain, Jim Scratch, Steve Mullin, Ron Matlack, Wilfred Bondy, Ian Gilmour, Tom Hardy, Bill Burrows, Glenn Hooker, Art Mitchell, Russell Cook, Frank Lepain, Richard Pretli, Lynn Chamberlain. THIRD ROW: Nina Apanasiewicz, Sandy Cascadden, Lesley Sedgewick, Anne Havinga, Doreen Seabourne, Sharon Fitch, Mary Ramsay, Susan Linton, Ann McKelvie, Mary Sweet, Marg Clare, Kathy Farough, Frances Meloche. SECOND ROW: Diane Goodburn, Sheila Prince, Margaret Collins, Suzanne Pelchat, Margaret Haas, Debby Stowe, Ella-Jo Chevalier, Sandra Balind, Marilyn Brown, Marjorie Ruston, Lynn Botham, Ann Tulett, Janet Padbury, Kathy Henderson, Gloria McGuire, Darlene Wagner. FRONT ROW: Ann Burling, Caroline Ramsay, Donna Ramsay, Donna Mockett, Mr. Morgan (Director), Larry Mitchell, Sheila Mockett, Mr. Wilson (Producer), Karen Kirkman, Helen Knight.

Science Club



BACK ROW: Ron Matlack, Dave Ginter, Howard Coneybeare, Brian Mulcaster, Kelly Kirkman, Percy Rounding, Ed Burling, Jim Eldridge, Allan Bennett. SECOND ROW: Eric Naylor, Brian Cowan, Ron McBeth, Glen Deline, Bill Shain, Phil Sedgeman, Ron Sadler, Pat Barron, Glen Teskey, Jim Howe. FRONT ROW: Mr. Wiebe, Andy Siefker, Mr. Harrison, John McFarlane, Mr. Klinck, Jim Collins. ABSENT: Bob Zivanov.



Key Club

BACK ROW: Doug Arnold, Don Crowder (Treasurer), Dave Desmarais, Volker Haas, Glenn Hooker, FRONT ROW: Larry Mitchell, Doug Francottie (President), Mr. Pindera, Glenn Adams (Secretary), Nick Jewell, Doug O'Neil. ABSENT: Rod Wensley, Clare Renaud.

I. S. C. F.

BACK ROW: Eric Colenutt, Jim McFarlane, John McFarlane, Glenn Deline, Glen Teskey. SECOND ROW: Cheryl Brush, Laura Martin, Jayne Stotts, Evelyn Maelbrancke, Mary Neice, Cathy Hazzard. FRONT ROW: Beverley Banfill, Marilou Riley, Mary Anne Westmaas, Sharon Steed, Mr. Wiebe, Eileen Morley (Pres.), Jane VanderVecht, Helen Makish. ABSENT: Joan Ferguson (Vice-Pres.)



Coin Club



BACK ROW: Eric Naylor, Philip Howson, John VanGrinsven, Gary Demars, Ron Hendricks. SECOND ROW: Richard Malott, Ronald McBeth, Brian Shepley, Brian Fowler, David Count (President), Glen Deline. FRONT ROW: Mr. Pattison, Richard Howson, Tom Bain (Secretary-Treasurer), Charles Armstrong (Vice-President), Tom Brincombe, Stewart Elsworth, Ted VanGrinsven. ABSENT: Greg Devreker.

Argazette

BACK ROW: Frank Lepain, Ron Burrows, Glen Teskey, John Bover, Richard Malott, Dick Sweet. SECOND ROW: Ann Holinworth, Barbara Grainger, Marla Brown, Susan Elford, Mary Ann Westmass, Linda Kendrick, Pam Manion, Vivie Lemming, Barbara Thompson, Janet Teskey. FRONT ROW: Carol Valade, Cathy McCarthy, Bonnie Goegebeur, Stan Griffin, Mr. Delaney, Sheila Prince, Jeannine Gagnon, Mona Boer.



Chess

BACK ROW: David Count, Ron McBeth, Tom Markham, Richard Malott, Joanne Moore, Dick Sweet, Mr. Wilson, Judy Moore, Glen Deline, Ron Sadler, Robert Giles, FRONT ROW: Ken Tennant, David Ginter, Howard Coneybeare, Karen Andrews, Frank Fekecs.



Jaine Whitlock
(2nd Seniors)



Ruth-Ann Boos
(1st Seniors)



Warren Libby
(1st Juniors)



Susan Santo
(2nd Juniors)



David Libby
(3rd Seniors)

PUBLIC SPEAKING



Kathy Farough
(3rd Juniors)

Honours Club



GRADE 9: Nina Apanasiewicz, Gloria Cuthbertson, Brenda Delmore, Elizabeth Hillary, Margaret McAuliffe, Randy Burling, Warren Libby, Elizabeth Foster, Ann McDelvie, Cornelius Neudorf, Marilyn Osachuk, Nancy Taylor, Lesley Sedgman, Katherine Shepley, Beverly Squire, Christine Wall, Randy Pearson, Lawrence Breault, Craig Lefevre, Donald Pastorius, Melba Wallace. GRADE 10: Margaret Collins, Marilyn Kettlewell, Karen Kirkman, Helen Knight, Nancy Merritt, Caroline Ramsay, Luise vonFlotow, Janet Tuite, Linda Lumby, Allan Bennett, Howard Coneybeare, David Ginter, Richard Sweet, Linda Dallimore, Gloria Doan, Ann Ferguson, Maureen Woltz, Bonnie Boose, Nancy Gignac, Mary Neice, Claudette Caza, Kathleen Hedge, George McKim, Beverly Allan, Wayne Walpole. GRADE 11: Nancy Maedel, Julie Ann Seguin, Harry Boer, Stanley Griffin, Charles Wambeke, Diane Goodburn, Barbara Thompson, Eric Colenutt, Ronna Humphries, Mary Jane McCann, Thomas Brincombe, Raymond White, William Robinson. GRADE 12: Kelvin Kirkman, Catherine Fox, John Bover, Sharon Jarrett. S.C: Louise Brookland, Lynne Moyes, Madeleine Renaud, Rose-Anne St. Louis, Barbara Garrett. GRADE 13: Barbara Kettlewell, Dennis Harrison, Catherine St. Pierre, Theresa O'Neil.



Jacqueline Osachuk



Catherine Fox



Catherine St. Pierre



Wesley Flood



Ann Ferguson

Prom

Although rockets and governments held the headlines, 1966 will always be remembered as the year E.D.H.S. was transformed into a Parisian Palace.

The theme of Soirée à Versailles was selected by the Students' Council and Mr. Charrette from a number of suggestions. Immediately committees were formed and plans made.

The setting, imitating the romantic view of Versailles, was adorned with tall white pillars, glass-drop chandeliers and halls of mirrors.

The creation of this romantic atmosphere can be attributed to the voluntary efforts of the hammerers, pasters, cutters, and climbers who exhibited good taste, artistic ability, patience and fortitude.

Each year senior holders of a letter "E" are nominated for the honour of being Queen. The student body selects one girl who is a worthy recipient of such distinction. All aspects of her school life and personal qualities especially her appreciation of the opportunities and spirit of Essex High are considered. So it was this year.

The music played on and gowns rhythmically swirled amidst French splendor.

Yes, history was made this year, not only in space, but also in our auditorium as the Spring Prom climaxed an eventful school year.

Students Council Executive

The Students' Council's year was one marked by change and progressive work. A quick start was facilitated by the executives' election the previous year. The first concern, a depleted bank account, was overcome by the discontinuation of the Red Cross Society and the transference of its funds to the council. Then, the council sponsored a dance featuring the Jaguars and their inimitable music; and its financial resources grew.

Thus encouraged, the group planned a highly successful Hootenany. About five hundred stiff-legged listeners were entertained by Toronto's "Second Street Singers", our own "Conestoga Trio", plus other folk singers. Members of the audience also had an opportunity to show their artistic voices.

While the Students' Council organized these social activities, it also undertook other projects. Responsibility for the Book Store and the Lost-and-Found Department were taken over from the Red Cross Society, as was the support of a Korean orphan.

An important innovation was the creation of an award system with a \$250.00 Scholarship for a grade 13 graduate and a \$25.00 award for four-year Commercial and Technical students.

In conjunction with the Art Club, the Christmas cards were produced. This venture was a total success--in fact, the supply could not meet the demand.

The first term was climaxed by the Christmas Dance which, through the hard work of the executive and a small corps of workers, was a memorable evening.

After the Christmas holidays various assemblies were held. An "E" assembly explained the revised Bar and Letter System (now a recipient of thirty bars will win a bronze trophy) and introduced the winners of the school letters; another assembly featured Cathy St. Pierre, last year's winner of the Interprovincial Visit Scholarship.

Further second-term endeavours included the updating of the constitution, the presentation of trophies to the members of the victorious girls' and boys' basketball teams, the supplying of packed spectator buses for championship games, and the planning of the spring prom, "Soirée à Versailles".

In all, the Students' Council moved rapidly onward. Thus, the stage should be set for future Students' Councils to carry on successful ventures as long as they are assisted by a staff advisor as competent as Mr. Charrette.





The Junior Band got off to a fast start this year with an assembly programme in December. This was an ambitious project, especially as all members in this band, with the exception of one tuba player, are beginners.

This was followed by another programme in February. There are plans for ending the year with a trip.

Our Senior Band members got a taste of what "show business" is like this year. They travelled to Kingsville, Amherstburg, Riverside, and Herman High Schools, playing a varied repertoire which included highlights from the musicals "South Pacific", "My Fair Lady", "Oklahoma", and "The King and I", other popular hits such as "The Theme From Exodus", Henry Mancini's "Days of Wine and Roses" and Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are"; as well as other selections in a more serious vein, notably J.S. Bach's "Fugue in B Flat Major" and Prokofieff's "Lt. Kije Suite."

It added up to a very successful year for all, coloured by a few outstanding members such as Ron Matlack who lost his music the greatest number of times, Ron Burrows who was a close second, and Virgil Smith who is still not quite sure how it happened that he missed the bus going to Riverside that Wednesday morning.

Another outstanding event of a different nature was Dave Hayman's solo. Dave, who is first clarinettist with the band, played a "Sernade" by Hayd, accompanied by Ann Weller at the piano. This was an inspiring performance, especially for clarinet players in the audience.

A number of new instruments which were acquired for the band this year provided some added interest. These include a baritone saxaphone played by Terry Roberts, a bass clarinet played by George McKim, and a set of bells played by Merijke Schepers. With these new instruments, and given the large membership of fifty-three currently in the Senior Band, the music room is fairly bursting at the seams, especially during band practice. Apart from this, Dr. Emed, the band director, has had to ponder other unique problems such as how to make five tubas out of four, and how to make three trombone players out of two. He reports that the problems have been satisfactorily solved.



Under the capable leadership of Mr. Morgan, amateur actors and actresses of our school were indoctrinated in the skills of play-acting. The accumulation of all this learning, practising and plain, hard work was evident when the Drama Club presented its three-act play entitled "Life of the Party" on the evenings of December 9th and 10th. The united efforts of a reliable cast, stage crew, ticket committee, and management were rewarded by a full house, much praise, and most of all, a successful comedy. It is impossible to credit all the participants, but this article would be incomplete without mentioning the stellar performances of "Snazzy" Pretli, "Teddy" Hardy, "Amy" Mockett, "Jean" McKelvie, "Mamma" Seabourne, "Daddy" Bedford, "Mike" Bondy, and "Tommy" Shain.



An extremely interesting year led to many new experiences for the members of this club. The impressive meetings ranged from inspirational messages by speakers, Bible studies, and knowledgeable films, to numerous informal debates on such topics as "What is a Christian?" and "Should the Bible be taken literally or non-literally?" All of these topics gave the members a more explicit knowledge of Christ.

Under the excellent leadership of Mr. Wiebe and President Eileen Morley, the club has helped to fulfil its pledge, "To know Christ and to make Him known".

Students are reminded that this organization is interdenominational and new members are always welcome.



"All right everybody let's keep the noise down. Marsha, give them their notes!"

With these words one hundred voices started together (almost), ended together (almost), and even sang the same song (sometimes). That's how it went for awhile last fall when some rusty singers got together to re-establish the Glee Club.

After many hours of tears and toil we were ready for our debut on Graduation Night. From there, having gained confidence or a case of full blown ego, we set out to invade neighbouring communities such as Riverside, Amherstburg, Windsor and reached a summit on January 15 when we assisted the Windsor Symphony in a Children's Concert at Cleary Auditorium. At the same time our record sales reached new heights.

Some members of our choir who deserve special mention are our executive. Their guidance plus the inspiration, leadership and many-sided talents of Mr. Masterson engendered ultimate success.



Came September 1965 and with it a group of energetic, enthusiastic but, this time, experienced students.

Work! This small, four-letter word came as no surprise to those students who volunteered their services. Jobs of every description awaited the Argus members.

Advertising with its travelling from store to store; noon-hour meetings where the attendance was most carefully passed around, after-school sessions with their cutting, pasting, typing and re-typing; picture-taking with its time off from class; editing to make sure the material given to the editors was printable; re-editing....the duties seemed endless. Finally one sunny day in early April, the last load was shipped off to the publisher much to everyone's relief.

We have watched with considerable interest the growth of this yearbook from a mere idea to a realization; we are sure that its quality will meet, if not surpass, last year's standards.

And, of course, we hope that it will find a permanent niche on your bookshelf as a storehouse of memories of E.D.H.S.



What does the Science Club mean to us the members? It is an organization in which one can unleash his scientific bent. Its aim is to explore science in more depth than one can do on his own and to institute some independent action. This will stimulate the experimenter's mind and the minds of his associates.

This year the Science Club has attempted to unite the various fields of science into one main study with the idea that modern science is not merely composed of biology or physics or chemistry alone.

The club as a whole is relatively small in number but its participants are gaining some satisfaction. The organization allows expanding curiosities to reach beyond the classroom and to go into deeper research.

One of the main points of interest of the year was a field trip to a Nutria Farm which produced a curious creature--you guessed it--nutria. These rodents resemble a beaver with a round rat-like tail. They are raised for their fine quality fur. This trip proved to be extremely interesting. Other activities such as microscopic observations of marine life, study of soil types and testing, and dissection of mice proved very interesting and produced quite satisfactory results.

Now we come to the climax of the science club's activities, the Science Fair. This display of science projects by science students and club members was of great variety. We hope these projects showed our diverse interests in botany, zoology, and mechanics.

The Science Fair aims to increase interest in this subject field and to allow students to increasingly participate in it. Next year we hope to see your project at the Science Fair.



Every now and then, and almost always at irregular intervals, a group of energetic, interested high school students come forth with their rendition of the Toronto "Globe and Mail"--you guessed it, the "Argazette". This was a year of instability for our school paper but finally, late in the year, the presses got rolling.

The "Argazette" 1965-66 tried to supply you, its readers, with what you wished to read. Sports spectulars, club activities, literary masterpieces, teacher interviews, and controversial articles were all vividly reported. Who could forget the fiery statements on "Student Apathy", The humour that came with the knowledge of what goes on "Behind Closed Doors", or even information on the "The Lively Generation"? Another feature of this year's paper was the use of self-explanatory pictures made possible only through the work of our roving photographer--Glen Teskey.

No one should forget that the "Argazette" is run by the students and for the students--so don't be afraid to voice your opinion. The "Argazette" is not a club where one has to be a member for representation--this newspaper is open for articles written by all.

I think we must all agree that the year 1965-66 was a decisive year for the newspaper and that the "Argazette" has proven itself a beneficial facet of social life.



Could you possibly imagine a school without a library, or a library without an able staff?

Fortunately, we at Essex High have both. Thanks to Mr. DesRosiers and his excellent library staff, the pupils of our school have access to many varieties of books on numerous topics. The orderly manner in which the library is organized, enables us to readily obtain the material which we desire.

Any students who are anticipating going to university, would find this club extremely rewarding for they get a preview of the Dewey Decimal System and also learn how to file and use the card catalogue efficiently.

Students are urged to take advantage of the marvellous facilities which our library offers.



This exclusive club has one essential purpose--to reward the more ambitious students for their diligence and intelligence. The Honours Club, which has increased by fifty per cent since last year, is open to the students who have obtained an average of at least seventy-five per cent. However, since the privilege is potentially available to everyone in the school, it has members from all branches and streams.

The highlight of the year to most of the members is the Honours Club banquet held in the spring at the Cleary Auditorium. With a scenic view of the Detroit River reflecting the colourful city lights on the water, the members enjoy a truly wonderful evening. The main entertainment this year was supplied by six members of the Windsor Symphony, and the entire affair was sponsored by Sunbeam Bakeries and Sadler's Market.

Special attention is due Rose-Anne St. Louis, Theresa O'Neil, Catherine St. Pierre, Catherine Fox, and Barbara Kettlewell who have been members of the Honours Club for four years--that is, from its inception.



The Chess Club is perhaps one of the few organizations in the Essex District High School which is not fully recognized by the student body. Its purpose is to teach boys and girls how to play the game of royalty. There are among our members those who have participated in chess before entering high school. To these, the club offers valuable experience and, perchance, an extra trick of the trade.

Our Chess Club is a stem of the Essex County Chess Association. Through this corporation, tournaments in Leamington, Harrow and other secondary schools can be arranged.

Under the extraordinary leadership of Howard Coneybear and Mr. Wilson, the Chess Club has been able to accomplish much in promoting the better moves of the game. Other officials are vice-president David Ginter, secretary Karen Andrews, and "Argazette" representative Dick Sweet.

Of course, since our association has just been formed, we hope to attain higher goals in the future. A team of the most talented players will be established and will, if possible, travel to more distant parts of southwestern Ontario. This is only the beginning of our further expansion.

If we can make as much progress in the years to come, perhaps we also can produce more school enthusiasm in our work.



All of us are at ease speaking to our friends or family, but in front of a gymnasium full of teenagers and teachers, most of us hesitate.

Yet, among the 1050 students enrolled at Essex, a group of orators was classed as excellent this year.

The annual speaking contest is organized within our school by the English Department. The topics chosen for the speeches were either of personal interest or of a satirical nature. We admire the confidence and poise with which the contestants spoke. Although topics ranged from Teenagers to Biculturalism the entire audience enjoyed the orations.

Competiton was keen, and the decisions difficult for the judges, but Ruth Anne Boos, Jaine Whitlock, and David Libby won the first three positions. In the Junior Division Warren Libby, Susan Santo, and Kathy Farough accepted their honours.

All speakers are urged to continue their efforts and to organized equally fine speeches next year.



Our modern world with its emphasis on education has relegated the drop-out to an increasingly menial role. Each of the thirty speakers at our annual Career Day stressed this fact in the theme "A diploma has become worth its weight in gold."

Under the careful organization and expert direction of Mr. Monteith, Head of the Guidance Department, many areas of interest were explored. Among the occupations represented were nurse, stewardess and pilot, mechanic, managers (sales, personnel, etc.), secretary, teacher, chemist, civil engineer, and astronomer.

I am sure that the information we gained gave us a new insight into the many fields open to us, and will be an invaluable aid in planning our future.



This year the Essex District High School formed a Key Club in the latter part of December. What is a Key Club and what does it do? Actually the Key Club is a Junior Kiwanis group which strives to develop initiative and leadership. It serves the school and community in several projects and also it provides experience in living and in working together.

Some of these projects are as follows: a junk and bottle drive whose proceeds aid the Retarded Children; a raffle which supports a Key Club bursary; several Kiwanis Club endeavours such as the Brotherhood Banquet.

Therefore boys, if it's fun, enjoyment and worthwhile service that you seek, join the Key Club and make 1966-67 an even greater year than this one.



Calling all boys! Such was our battle cry. Any boy from grades 10 to 13 who was willing to form the first all-male club in the school, answered this call. Theories and fundamentals of television and radio were discussed and applied and thus the members gained experience and perhaps chose a future career. With this added knowledge and guidance from Mr. Webb, each member explored the fascinating world of electronics.



The Art Club contributes greatly to the cultural development of our school. This society is divided into three groups: the drawing, sculpturing and poster clubs, all under the excellent professional leadership of Mr. De Paoli. Many experimental projects have been conducted this year including the sculpturing of a totem pole and silk-screening. The success of the silk-screening has been well exemplified by the choir album cover and the Students' Council Christmas cards.

Mr. De Paoli's versatility and numerous skills have contributed greatly to the development of many latent talents among the members of this organization.

The membership this year has increased and I am sure it will continue to grow in the future.



This newly-formed organization, under the direction of Mr. Pattison, has proven very successful in the school, and also is very interesting to any youth.

It is encouraging to note that many of the members have completed their small cent collection, a fairly difficult task.

During the year, many students found a new and interesting hobby to enjoy. Collectors learned many new facts and the club ventured to the Ontario Numismatic show at Cleary Auditorium in Windsor.

Next year, plan to attend and become a member of this new and enjoyable interest.

New York Trip

Arriving in New York, our group of sixty found that something known as ORGANIZATION awaited us. Thanks to Mr. Boughner and Mr. Pattison EVERYTHING was arranged, and we were shown to our rooms at the Shelton Towers Hotel.

Soon our explorations began.

"Tremendous!" Yes, that would describe the skyscrapers rearing to dizzy heights and pulsing with the life of a mighty heart beat. Our tour of these giants included a visit to the New York stock exchange where we looked down upon a throng of people shouting and dashing about with a sort of well dressed, middle-class madness. Also, we were treated to the ballet with its sumptuous opera house and dazzling costumes.

Eventually, we found ourselves homeward bound--exhausted but thrilled.

The Trumpets Sound

After a stirring fanfare and a resounding cannon boom, a host of Essex students smothered a final cough, gave a neighbour a last nudge, took one more little twist to settle down comfortably, and alerted every sense to prepare for a treat--Stratford's presentation of Henry IV: Part One. And in no way was the group disappointed. Tony van Bridge was hilarious as the resourceful, rotund Falstaff; Eric Christmas wheezed and spluttered through a memorable portrayal of red-nosed Bardolph; and Douglas Rain ably counterpoised the madcap and responsible facets of Prince Hal's character.

But their adventure did not end with Henry IV's victory. The trip home also had its highlights: it featured a visit from Mr. Palmer, now of Kingsville D.H.S.; many attempted visits by students from other schools who had set out in vain to reconnoitre; singsongs; and sporadic cries of "Euchre!"

The overall success of the venture was evidenced by the even greater number of students who reserved a ticket for the 1966 excursion. When the trumpets blare next September, one hundred and seventy Essexites will cease their chatting, fix their eyes upon the intriguing stage that is Stratford's, and await the strains of a sorrowful melody plus this plea: "If music be the food of love, play on..."

Work Experience

Many occupational, commercial, and technical students participated in this profitable venture, whereby their school work took roots in reality. Sharon Jariett commented, "If I were permitted to choose any two weeks of my secondary school years to relive, I would certainly prefer the two weeks spent at Woolco. There were many experiences which were entirely new to us. This was the first time we had seen merchandise unloaded and stored and the first time we had dealt directly with the consumer. How amazed we were to realize how many people are needed to serve and satisfy one customer."

Expansion of this project could bring only further rewards.

A New Addition To Our School

To our sunny courtyard the future will bring a lovely fountain, which Mr. Franke and our art teacher, Mr. De Paoli, have been diligently working on in a sheltered corner of the busy art room.

From the observation in the art room there are going to be four main characters: a seal, an elephant, a crocodile, and a fierce-looking lion guarding the whole lot. The drafting and carpentry departments have made the fountain model, and the art department is looking after its enlargement to its final size which is about twenty feet in diameter. The figure will be poured in bronze. The animals will spout water into the central figure. The technical problem of water circulation and installation, as well as the masonry, will be tackled also by the technical department of our school.

Our school should feel privileged to have a staff ambitious and capable enough to add such a beautiful piece of art to our courtyard.

Surely, Essex High is doing its part to correct the sad position of our country. As explained by our principal, Mr. Franke, "Canada has fewer fountains in its public places than any other country."

LITERARY

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TIME

assure that we know so little about this man, who, all we have to go on, conjectures based on the records, he was probably born three days earlier than the usual custom then to baptize on the eighth day. Accordingly, the world observes his birthday as the eldest of seven children, he was the son of a poor, but a man of some importance in Stratford, served as both alderman and bailiff (or mayor) in Stratford, and a dealer in grain and who seems to have been a man in his business ventures. His mother was Mary Arden, daughter of a small but prosperous landowner in the neighbouring county.

Sixteenth-century Stratford must have been a delightful place for a boy to grow up. There were entertainments presented on special days by the trade-guilds and such customs as Morris dancing and May-day celebrations. Without doubt there were visits to Stratford and the neighbouring towns of Warwick and Coventry by travelling troupes, which staged their plays in the inn-yards. Perhaps even, when he was eleven, young Will was with his parents among the vast throng at Kenilworth to witness the colourful pageant with which the Earl of Leicester welcomed Queen Elizabeth as his guest. And surrounding the town was the lovely Warwickshire countryside, where Shakespeare must have roamed and acquired much of the amazing store of knowledge of natural life which his plays, in English seasons which sprang so spontaneously into verse.

JULIUS CAESAR

He attended a grammar school in Stratford where the school was situated, as far as we do not know, on Linn. How long he remained there we do not know, but he very likely left before his next fortunes, or his father's, brought him to London. Of his next few years we know scarcely anything, but at least he married Anne Hathaway, eight years older than he, who lived in adjacent Shottery and whose home, now known as Anne Hathaway's Cottage, is a point of interest yearly for thousands of



The house in which Shakespeare was born, Stratford visitors. Three children were born of the marriage: Susannah in 1583 and twins, Hamnet and Judith, two years later. Between 1585 and 1591 Shakespeare moved to London, where he became an actor and playwright and in time became owner of the famous Globe Theatre. Between 1592 and 1596 he wrote all his famous plays and sonnets, the former of which are listed in their respective plays and sonnets, the former of this introduction. When we consider just a

A DIFFERENCE??

Tangled, mangled, flaunting down,
Long and lusty, yet not musty,
Blackened in a sheen,
Non-conforming, but not
shocking--
A ragged mop, a shaggy top,
Rests upon his brow.
The "proper trim" is short and
prim,
And it is clear that this is
just
A shield, a show; but those
who know
That what's without is not
always within,
And that choice by view is not
too true,
Are few and far between.
And so it lies--
A barrier to his rise!

Stan Griffin,
11B

A RHYME OF THE MODERN BUILDER

I think that I shall never see
A sight more sickening than a tree:

A tree that takes up so much space
Where split-level homes could
stand in place:

A tree that looks to God all day
While my god is the F.H.A.:

A tree that houses only birds
On land I'd like for human herds:

Upon whose trunk my men lay
pain
With great bulldozer and
heavy crane:

Homes are made by rats like me
And e'er I'm through, God help
the tree.

Glenn Hooker, 11T1

REFUGE

"There she is, sir!" exclaimed Davidson, seated before a mass of blinking lights and flashing buttons. "She" was a tiny light spot on the big, black background of the television screen, but it seemed massive in concept to the voyagers of nine years. The planet Refuge was finally in sight.

A shiver of excitement and fear passed over the five other members of the crew as they heard the long-awaited sentence pronounced, and gazed at the speck of light that was truly to be, in a matter of ours, their refuge, or their... The task before them would have daunted the stoutest heart.

The captain, Derek, was the first to resume the official business at hand.

"Bearing?" he snapped.

"One hundred, sixty-six degrees east of north," was the equally terse reply of the navigator.

"On October 27, 2382, the ninth year of our flight, Refuge first sighted. Bearing, one hundred, sixty-six degrees east of north. Projected time of arrival to be--"

"Four hundred hours, October 31, 2382," supplied the navigator, looking up from his figures.

The captain wrote the time down, and then his mind began to speculate on the future. What form of life would they find inhabiting Refuge? Would human life survive, would even colonization be possible?

The next four days were an eternity; but finally Davidson was searching for a relatively level plain for landing, as the crew prepared their gear for disembarking. Suddenly Davidson exclaimed, "Hey, fellows, captain, look at this! It's some sort of weird craft, a real antique! The area is excellent here for putting down. Let's have a look at her."

"Look's like a nineteenth century model," commented Jones, laughing.

"Don't laugh," said Taylor. "I remember reading about some Swedish scientist, a Professor Lindstrum, I think his name was, who was lost on some expedition around 2000. His ship just disappeared, and for all the world knows, may still be orbiting some planet somewhere. Maybe this is it."

The ship jolted to a stop with a great thunder of metal crashing. Six silver-clad figures crunched over the waves of crystal sands, whipped up by warm, dry winds. They approached the mysterious space ship, which stood out alone, on the tossed barren sands, in the golden rays of the sun.

Taylor, the first to arrive, drew back aghast as he sighted four figures, clad in metal suits like his own, apparently straining at the door of the ship, but absolutely motionless. "Captain, quick!" he shouted, and waited for the others to join him. They approached the forms, and Derek caught the arm of one of them. It fell silently to the ground.

"He's dead! They're all dead! But look, they're perfectly preserved. It must be the warm, dry atmosphere here."

"But why didn't they get back into the ship? They were all trying to get back in, and it's almost as if they froze there."

Examining the bodies and exploring the ship furnished no clue, although the log on board confirmed the identity of them as Dr. Linstrum and his crew. They decided to return to their own ship to make their report.

"Tomorrow, we shall explore the rest of the area, although besides this spectre ship, there seems to be nothing--" His words were cut off. Suddenly an invisible web of evil encased them, silently, inexplicably. They hastened, on the verge of entering the craft, but they had lost all notion of time and space, all knowledge of place and event, all sense of life and death. They stood transfixed, six space spectres on the planet of Refuge.

LIFE OF A TEAPOT

The new bone china teapot stood erect and upright, hoping to make a good impression on the other china in the cabinet. Eying the party next to him nervously, he noticed two merry and mischievous-looking salt shakers. Looking in the other direction, he saw a stern-looking sterling-silver milk pitcher, silently appraising him. Glancing quickly behind him, he caught a glimpse of a chrome teapot, gossiping busily with a cream pitcher.

As he did not wish to stand alone, the chipper little teapot hoped to be used soon, for he did not wish to be an ornament only.

Strangely enough, he had not long to wait, for the very next day, visitors came, and 'round about tea time, the glass door of the cabinet opened, and the little teapot was lifted off his spot. All eyes followed him until he disappeared from sight around the corner.

The teapot abounded in amazement; how had he, a little, insignificant piece of pottery, been lucky enough to have been chosen? He was carried to the brightly embroidered pot holder carefully, and set down, also carefully. Seconds later, his lid was lifted, and two tea bags were inserted.

The teapot stood in his new surroundings for only a few moments before steaming-hot water from the kettle gushed into him. Suddenly he could smell the most heavenly aroma ever experienced in his life. He was picked up and tilted, and a clear brown liquid poured out of his spout, into the awaiting cups below. (He recognized them as the two snobbish tea cups from the shelf above him.) The two cups, barely acknowledging him, with their noses in the air, ignored him.

The teapot sat at the edge of the table while the ladies drank their tea.

Suddenly, one of the women dropped her teacup. Thinking quickly, the spunky teapot twisted rapidly, catching on his spout the handle of the hysterical teacup.

Hurriedly, the cup was removed, and the trio was washed and returned to the cabinet. The teapot was crestfallen, for he was bemoaning a great loss: there was a chip gone from the end of his spout forever. Years passed.

Badly chipped and faded, the little teapot had stood up well under constant use and had grown acquainted with the other china on the same shelf, even the stern sterling-silver milk pitcher. They had been through many trials together, and had developed close friendships.

So it was in this friendly atmosphere that one day small hands pried open the cabinet door, and reached upwards for the teapot. Grasping the small piece of pottery shakily, the wee fingers just managed to clear the edge of the shelf, and then dropped the sturdy teapot.

The other china gasped in horror, awaiting the inevitable crash. Leaning forward as far as they dared, the salt shakers watched the little fellow falling to his end.

A sigh of relief swept over the multitude when a pair of larger hands snatched the teapot only inches from the jaws of doom.

Replaced carefully in his original position the little teapot enjoyed many more fruitful days and when his long, eventful, life was finally at an end, and the teapot no longer stood in his comforting spot on the shelf, the dampness on every piece of china was not caused by condensation.

LAST NIGHT

Ron Burrows 11B

Far below, the deep blue water flowed gently down the gorge on its way to the sea. The jungle continually creeping towards the river's edge was alive with the early morning songs of birds. A tropical storm of the previous night had washed her face and the trees were waving gently in a cool summer's breeze. Flashes of colour-bright reds, emerald greens, and dazzling oranges-dotted a carpet of green.

But there by a clearing amidst a profusion of flowers, lay an overturned yellow bus.

Gazing down from the wooden bridge to the scene below gave one a very odd feeling in the pit of the stomach. Forty-six passengers, a driver and several crates of chickens and ducks had more than felt a squeamishness the night before, when in the middle of the storm, their vehicle had skidded and plunged through the barriers.

Ten days later, a weary search-party which had come up the river by boat, the only accessible way, found the scattered remains. Already jungle ants and prowling beasts had been busily contributing to Nature's job of renewing the landscape. The blood had soaked into the rich, black earth, and the screams and moans of the terrified occupants had long since ceased to echo off the canyon walls.

Birds twittered, breezes blew, and the jungle resumed its relentless trend towards normality as the men slowly paddled away.

The earth turned, and forty-seven lives were as naught.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ZULU WOMAN (in Zuluan English)

"Sun rise over mountains soon; get up lazy squaw; get breakfast," says brave warrior. So me rise up and hunt deer to cook for fat-nosed husband. While I starve, fat spouse fill him face. Him leave to join other lazy men and go swim while I start wash him's dirty dishes. I finish them, and then wash him's dirty stinkin' clothes by river bank, bent over stones for hours. While the wash dry in sun, me grind corn into meal for dinner. Him comes home to eat meal and meal not ready. "Hey! Lazy squaw what you do all morning, sleep?"

So me feeds him, and then does me own daily fix-ups. First me cleans me rings in nose 'cause fat husband not like dirty squaw. Then me puts mud pack on hair so flies have place to nest. When mud dries, me go to stream to find pretty stones to make beads 'cause fat husband also not like cheap things.

Darkness come; so do spouse. Get same old line 'cause him's vension not in right cup.

"Hey squaw! me trades you off for horse tomorrow; horse not take or eat as much. You not done right since you come!"

While supper heat in pot, him finish day of lay around, with spear-throwing contest. When dishes clean, me sent to wigwam to sew boots for fat man. Me thinks him is ashamed of me. He come to bed and kick me out in cold with no blanket--him got all luxuries.

This been special day---birthday. Me done this birthday ritual thirty years: still happiest Zulu woman in tribe.

Peggy Hill 9D

WHO OWNS THE MOON?

President Johnson has stated that the United States will put a man on the moon in this decade, before the Russians. The failure of Gemini Eight is front-page news. The Russians orbit satellites as if they were Roman candles. Tension is mounting. Who will be the first on the moon--an American or a Russian?

With all this activity, only a hermit could deny the existence of the space race. But why must there be a race? Why not an international effort, not headed by Americans or Russians, but by mankind?

It may seem impossible to picture capitalists and communists working together. Such co-operation was accomplished twenty-five short years ago. But that was in a time of deadly peril, and nations, which react remarkably like individual human beings, always unite for self-preservation. The allies fought a common enemy. Mankind today, may not realize the fact but we are on the brink of the gravest peril that ever existed.

This danger does not stem from Vietnam or Berlin but from Cape Kennedy and its Russian counterpart. This race is just the first thread in man's new suit of clothes--his space suit. If this race continues, it will develop into the fiercest holocaust this planet has ever known.

The danger lies in a familiar plague-colonialism. Colonialism has been cited as a cause in practically all major wars. From the time of the Roman invasions, through the Seven Years' War, down to Vietnam, colonialism--the desire of one nation to rule another--has been the main spur causing war.

Who owns the moon? Does the nation that first lands there own the entire moon, half of it, or all the territory it can stake out? The laws covering property ownership on earth state that a man owns the wedge of earth that is under his property down to the centre of the earth and the space above it. How high up is this space to go? to infinity? If so, the moon is the property of the countries it passes over. This would include the United States but exclude Russia. What law holds? The end result would probably be, as it has for centuries--all-out war. What a war!

There is only one solution. Man must retreat from the space race and enter the space age. He must grow up. Jesus Christ said that a house divided against itself cannot stand. The earth must be united before man can venture into the void. To do otherwise would be like trying to build the Empire State Building without a ground floor. God created MAN, not Russians or Americans, to rule the earth.

Brian Barron 13B

A MEETING WITH THE FOG

Except for a lighter tinge outside, no one would have known that the daytime had finally arrived. At the airport, huge airplanes like giant winged monsters squatted dismally on the damp asphalt waiting for an individual able to assist them in attaining the distant heavens. The remote runways, usually glimmering in the heat, brooded at the flightless birds alongside the air terminal. The runways must have felt sympathetic towards the soggy workers by the planes. Beside a hanger, diligent loading crews were flinging numerous packages into a wide-open truck, but it in turn was merely standing there - waiting for work to begin.

In the terminal, people shuffled from windows to magazine stands, and back to the windows. As the day itself was subdued, so was this immense building. Once in a while, a typewriter would click-clack, or a telephone would jangle, but in the control room, most of the people were staring at one thing - the unseen sky.

Gradually the day lengthened and the grey, lifeless fog drifted around the antenna on the roof. The interior of the terminal grew stuffy, and people began milling about. Most of the travellers were foreign: a few sat and waited patiently because they knew that only time would dissipate the damp curtain flung carelessly over the airport.

Businessmen in their best attire, carrying overcoats, could be seen in rather disorganized lines waiting for their turn to inform the head office that they would be unable to attend that very important business conference.

Near the magazine stand, the once-well-distributed journals were now nothing more than a tangled mess of paper. Little children, free to wander, could be seen engrossed in an exciting adventure of their favourite hero. A few older children, dressed in their Sunday clothes, sat poised as if waiting to have their picture taken. They remained uncommonly rigid in their starched clothes and tried not to look as uncomfortable as they felt.

Meanwhile, the ground crews had completed refuelling the planes. Now the damp and chilled company of mechanics filed into the employees' cafeteria. After obtaining a hot cup of coffee, they too sat down and waited.

Suddenly in the control tower, the weatherman seized a telephone and while he scribbled furiously, the tired pilots, shocked back to life by the resounding phone, gathered around the desk. Their eyes held just a faint gleam of hope. Then, the man flung the receiver away and relayed the news to the people, "The fog should be lifted by mid-afternoon."

Gradually, as the shock began to wear off, the air terminal became a flurry of movement. Passengers rushed to collect their belongings and round up their well scattered children. Pilots started gathering essential weather data for the numerous flights. The airplanes, that had stood very forlornly just a moment before, seemed to take on a brighter appearance. All about the airport, a gay atmosphere prevailed. A mood of excitement at the prospect of finally being borne up into the air made itself apparent.

Finally, an hour after the fog had commenced moving, it totally disappeared, and the entire world seemed shining and contented again. The saturated runways steamed in the hot sun and planes dried off in the same heat. Passengers streamed out of the various gates heading for their individual flights. Each person seemed a little different as a result of their meeting with the unpredictable fog at the airport.

Mary Ann Rosaforte 11D

A PARADOX

Time passed slowly for him;
Life was creeping by;
He knew his day was coming,
That eventually he'd die.

There was nothing that he
could do
But sit, and watch, and wait.
He knew life was too short
for quarrelling,
That life was too short for
hate.

Then one night, it happened,
As he lay there in his bed;
A voice was calling from
beyond,
Next morning he was dead.

He'd never turned a friend
away,
No matter what his need;
He'd always lent a helping
hand
In thought, in word, in deed.

That death was a part of life
He had known all along;
And when the final judgement
came,
His record was void of wrong.

Why people were so joyful,
When a person entered in
To a world of sin and sorrow,
Had always puzzled him.

And then when one had entered
Into heavenly rest above,
Saddened hearts trod home,
Bemoaning their loss of love.

Why did they grieve for a man,
Who was entering a better
place--
From the position of the lowly
born,
To that of the Crown and Mace?

His question had been
answered
(As the end was drawing near)
By his loved ones watching
o'er him;
He was close enough to hear:

LOOK UPON A PORTRAIT

Our eyes dropped to our watches as we entered the dimly-lit lounge. Gradually the numbers became hazy, and we stood, for a few minutes, to let our senses adjust. Our lungs, once filled with fresh air, were now stung by the combination aromas of spicy food and burning cigarettes. Finally our eyes focused on the night-shapes in the room, the coloured illuminated bowls on each table, and the shadows that played on the far wall. Soon our questioning eyes were halted, as the hostess diverted us to the table nearest the stage. Once again our curious eyes scanned the darkness and its movements until they came to rest upon the object of our mission, a young well-dressed man seated at the piano. All eyes and ears became attentive. He started.

We realized our closeness with his first sound. The master seemed to command each note, and it gave willingly. His hands were all powerful; they would stretch, then touch and then demand desire, beauty. One minute he would fondle each note; the next minute he would lash the sounds with the very string from which the vibrations were produced. As he stroked his loved one, one's eyes from the flashes of jet black and pearly white sent pictures to one's mind -- a fire, a spark, a pounding river, a trickle of water. One wanted to grab the ears so that not one sound could escape. As fast as the ecstasy came, it was gone. Once again we were sitting in society's darkened mob, breathing society's stench.

I looked around to a conglomeration of expressions. There were those who did not realize someone had performed. Others could not have cared less. Then there were those like myself, who could not find speech, who looked at their hands with pity. Our minds, still playing with the sounds, seemed to be crying out selfishly, "Why must He give some people everything?"

My eyes were jolted from their stare by the movements on the stage. The star felt the piano top until his hands fell on a pair of black glasses. Two of his musicians guided him from the platform. Shame fell upon us all! "Had He given some people everything?" On leaving the lounge, I caught myself looking down at my watch and seeing each tiny number, I was thankful!

Jean Levy 13B

OCTOBER WALK

A deep serenity flowed through my body as I sauntered along the narrow road. The land, tired from a long summer's work, was preparing for a peaceful winter's rest. Tenderly covering the rich, black earth, a vast carpet was sprinkled with scarlets and golds. Lingering patches of purple and blue meekly tried to peek through their warm covering. Little animals, busily preparing for the long winter, popped their inquisitive faces into view, and then scampered back to the security of their duties.

The scuffling noises underfoot harmonized with the many strange sound of Mother Nature. Geese, forming black-speckled patterns against a brilliant blue background, were honking their last farewells to nature. From the distance, the shrill bark of a hunting-hound could be heard as he tracked down his master's game. Even the ordinary caw of the crow seemed to have a different note in these surroundings.

Rustling through the trees, the crisp autumn wind brought the familiar smells of orchards ripe with fruit and of smouldering piles of burning leaves. All along the road little mounds of these leaves sent funnels of hazy, blue smoke into the air. The mingling scents travelled from the roadside and seemed to be everywhere. Scooping up a few, scattered leaves, this playful breeze swirled them around in dancing patterns along the ditch-bank.

Here, glowing golden in the autumn sun-shine, tall stalks of goldenrod stood in militaristic rows. Long, green reeds, encircling the bobbing, fuzzy heads of brown cat-tails, swayed in the wind. Suddenly, from the midst of these grasses, a flash of colour flew into the neighbouring field. The brilliant scarlets, emeralds and browns of the pheasant blurred into a mass of beauty as the bird ascended. The stubble field to which the pheasant flew had recently been rich with a swaying, golden blessing from nature. Now, it lay in rest, waiting until its duty could be fulfilled once more.

Giant trees on either side of the route stood as competent custodians of this majestic beauty. Their gnarled bodies were specked with velvety green badges of moss. Their uniforms were so dazzling, it seemed as if some mystic force had spent tedious hours decorating their coats. Blending to create the exquisite apparel of these guards, the golds, browns and reds harmonized with the surrounding foliage.

The entire land was a mass of colour. All drabness and gloom had given way to a sparkling new life. As I turned away from this majestic scene, a sense of tranquillity filled my body.

Connie Birch, 13A

Dances

Of course, the prom was the social event of the school year; however, the Students' Council attempted to add some spice to extra-curricular life by promoting several other functions.

In October, the a-go-go- music of the Jaguars provided swinging entertainment and a successful first dance. With Joe Bedford spinning the records between performances, never was there a vacant area on the floor.

Then on November 13, Matt Bol was the master of ceremonies for the second annual hootenany. Paul Keel from Kingsville, the Merry Maids of Leamington, and our own Conestoga Trio provided a local touch, while the Second Street Singers from Toronto served as a special attraction. We all forgot how hard the gymnasium floor was as we swung to and fro, tapped a foot, clapped our hands, or sang along.

Christmas brought with it two traditional functions. First was the Snowball Serenade, a festive evening which completed the first term of the school year. The music of the Starliners, the artistic decorations, and the twinkling lights all created an atmosphere which vividly remained in the minds of all who attended. A second annual feature was the Christmas Carol Service. On December 22, students, parents, friends all joined in wishes for a joyous Christmas season. The true meaning of the holiday was sensed through the gathering of friends and singing the beautiful music of Christmas.

Assemblies

1966 witnessed an impressive series of assemblies. Variety was the programme's prime characteristic. This article will recall a few of the highlights.

Do you remember the enjoyable concert presented by the Oakridge School Band from London? If you are a music student, you should. Their varied musical repertoire ranged from Beethoven to a Coke commercial; and the two Beatle hits must have supplied a certain incentive for our own fledgling musicians, who subsequently entertained us several times.

The twenty-third Psalm and Mona Gould's poem, "This Was My Brother" were two of the appropriate selections read to a silent, thoughtful student body in observance of Remembrance Day. The service centred around the message of Father "Mike" Daltan who served as chaplain to the Essex Scottish Regiment during World War One. A fitting conclusion was supplied by the choir's rendition of "No Man Is an Island" and by Mr. Masterson's stirring "Reveille" and "Last Post".

One of several Students' Council assemblies presented reports from two travellers. The first, Cathy St. Pierre, related the features of her trip to Quebec last summer. In addition, she explained the programme whereby a one-hundred-dollar scholarship fund allows one fortunate, competent student to visit a French home in accordance with "Les Visites Interprovinciales". The next speaker, Linda MacKenzie, shared the highlights of her trip to New York City with us. Among the sights she described were the World's Fair, the Empire State Building and the United Nations complex.

Then in February, a musical treat was offered by the H.M.C.S. Cornwallis Band of Nova Scotia. Lt. J.F. McGuire conducted the famous Canadian Navy Band through such tunes as "Hello Dolly", "March of Herald", and "Fan Dango". The audience's interest was heightened by a rollicking quartet's rendition of "Little Brown Jug" on beer bottles, while the female members of the audience, in particular, appreciated vocalist McNabb's treatment of "More" and "Night and Day".

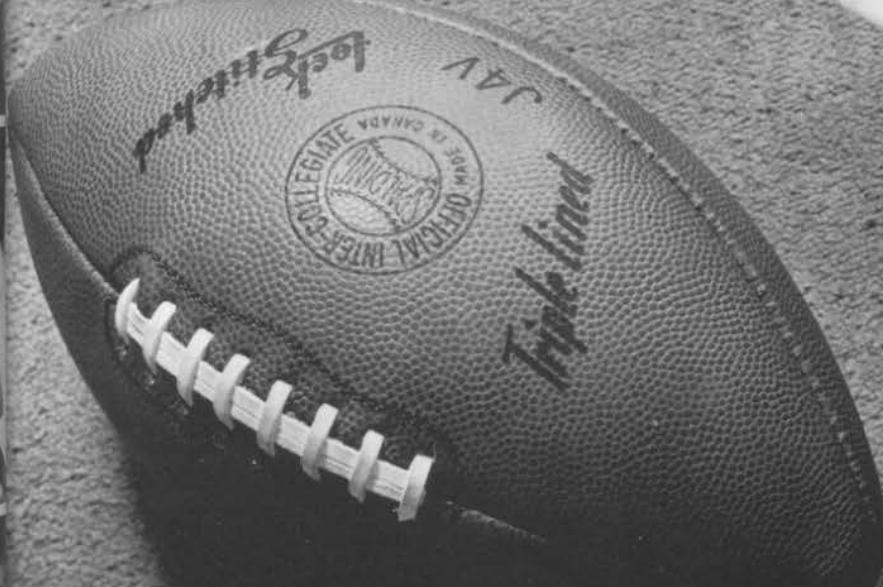
And suddenly one day in March, in rushed the Crest Theatre Group from Toronto. These performers managed to cast a spell not broken until they scampered from their portable stage an hour and a half later. Their purpose was to enliven the English course: and how well they succeeded. Literature lived. Macbeth visited the howling hags; Shakespeare flirted with Queen Elizabeth; the "Hired Man" arrived "home" to die.

Of course, there were many more--for campaign speeches and antics; for the presentation of athletic awards; and for the presentation of musical ensembles. Remember?





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SPORTS



Jr. Cheerleaders



BACK ROW: Sheila Mockett, Marilyn Hannigan, Margaret Chauvin, Beth Foster. SECOND ROW: Sandra Balind, Ann Bunn. FRONT ROW: Dianne Goodburn.

Jr. Boys' Basketball



BACK ROW: Bruce Linton, John Maathuis, Jeff Grant, Ron Matlack, Phil Sedgeman, Ed Reeb, Robin Groves, Percy Rounding. FRONT ROW: Barry Burstyn, Bill Mitchell, Gary Garrod, John Fields, Pete VanKempen. ABSENT: Fred Wagner.

Sr. Girls' Volleyball



L-R: Lorraine Nicholson, Diane Bruner, Isabelle Helbich, Sue O'Neil, Judy Stowe, Linda Chauvin, Bonnie Stockwell, Chris Smith, Terry Cronmiller, Diane Myrtle, Mary Hayman, Linda Taylor, Jill McLean, Mary Ramsay, Martha Sadler, Miss Whittle.

Jr. Girls' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Ann Weller, Caroline Ramsay, Mona Rock, Sue Slote, Mary Lou Neels, Linda Lumby, Darlene Reeb. FRONT ROW: Ann Burling, Bev Squires, Joyce Purvis, Judy Mahone, Miss Murray, Jeannine Gagnon, Linda Newman.

Weight Lifting Club



BACK ROW: Gustav Zavaros, Ron Damm, Ron Matlack, Tom Gray. SECOND ROW: Mr. Little, Brian Cowan, Wayne Bauer, John Bover, Allan Bennett, Doug Queen, Michael Lepine. FRONT ROW: Michael Brushett, Wayne Ronald, Tom Managhan, Edward Rivest.

Boys' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Rod Wensley, Arnold Wruszkowiak, Wayne Pye, Bernard Eyrard. FRONT ROW: Tom Bain, Doug Queen, Dave Hayman, John Bover, Don Crowder, Bob Bryden, Stuart Watson, Mr. Murray. ABSENT: Denis Harrison.

Cross Country Teams



BACK ROW: Sietse Ridder, Art Sweet, Dave Hayman, Matt Bol, Doug Queen, Virgil Smith. SECOND ROW: Mike Libby, Gerald Ducharme, Mr. Hoffman, George Fox, Bob Wallace, Dave Ginter. FRONT ROW: Doug Welch, Ken Watson, Bill Bellaire, Peter Nikita, Ian Gilmour, Skip Flint, Jim Addison, Bill Mitchell, Kim Ferguson, Bruce Linton. ABSENT: Frank Seabourne, Jim Gerard, Larry Labrecque.

Soccer



BACK ROW: Ed Burling, Ross Bishop, Gerald Ducharme, Phil Sedgman, Joe Bedford, Wayne Ducharme, David Desmarais, Charlie Wambeke, Richard Pretli. SECOND ROW: Barry Sweet, Leo Ouellette, John Maathuis, Ted Prosser, Frank Fekecs (Capt.), Mr. Hill, Jack McFarlane, David Count, Pat Mullin, Barry Reaume. ABSENT: Frank Sevestyen, Dale Clarkson.

Sr. Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW: Barbara Lankin, Jill McLean, Miss Whittle, Linda Taylor, Sue O'Neil. FRONT ROW: Laura Martin, Judy Stowe, Mary Ramsay, Jouce Ukrainec, Chris Smith.

Jr. Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW: Miss Comartin, Caroline Ramsay, Ann Ferguson, Trudy Bellmore, Barb Ross, Peggy Hill, Mary Lou Neels, Brenda Delmore, Bev Squire, Barb Ferguson. FRONT ROW: Anita LeClair, Bev Allen, Barb Price, Mona Rock (Capt.), Linda Kettle, Linda Trembly.

Sr. Boys' Basketball



BACK ROW: Jerry Prosser, Joe Bedford, Bill Dresser, Mr. Murray, Arnold Wruszkowiak, Dave Hayman, Lloyd Billingsley, Rod Wensley. FRONT ROW: Wes Flood (mgr), Matt Bol, Denis Harrison, Doug Francottie, Larry Breault, Stuart Watson, Terry Roberts, Don Crowder (mgr).

Girls' Gymnastics



CLOCKWISE: Beth Tuite, Mr. Krayacich, Beth Foster, Elizabeth Wallace, Jane Haggins, Peggy Large, Mona Rock, Miss Whittle. ABSENT: Linda Ferguson, Jean McKim.

Girls' Volleyball

This season, a series of after-school competitions replaced the former Round Robin tournament. Essex had among its rivals both Amherst and Leamington as well as a newcomer this year--North Essex.

The senior team spurred on by Miss Whittle, played dashing volleyball until the last when they lost their final game and thus their tie on second place slipped out of reach. At the end, however, there were no hard feelings in the team and the girls are determined to try, try, again next year.

The juniors, directed by Miss Murray, put forth a rousing effort, but--alas--after the dust had cleared, the scoreboard showed defeat.

Next year the girls will try again, but until then, remember an old Chinese philosopher who once wrote: "...it is not whether you win or lose, but how you play the (volleyball) game."

Weight Lifting

The "bulging" muscles found in the weight-lifting club did not come by themselves but neither was it torture for them to be bidden. Under Mr. Little's excellent guidance, the members showed favourable increase. John Bover, for the second year, was the club's outstanding participant, and the magnificent muscles he has can be obtained by all.

Hear that, all you ninety-pound weaklings?

Cheerleaders

"Give us an E"	- "E"
"Give us an S"	- "S"
"Give us another S"	- "S"
"Give us an E"	- "E"
"Give us an X"	- "X"
"What have we got?"	- "Essex"
"Louder!"	- "Essex"
"One more time!"	- "Essex"

These few words and other similar ones are symbolic of our pride in being students of Essex High.

How does a lass become a cheerleader? She is carefully selected from a voluntary group of girls in late September each year. Enthusiasm and concern for our school's leadership in athletics are essential qualifications.

After participating one season on a junior squad of seven girls, she becomes the member of the senior team.

Characteristic uniforms of gold, black, and red designate our school colours and can represent only victory, sportsmanship and determination.

We all look forward to new recruits in September to complement our experienced cheerleaders. Keep up the good work!

Soccer

This recent addition to the athletic endeavours played its first official season this year. Although the boys won only one game in a four game schedule, their hard work and frequent practices will prove a great asset in forming a top-notch team next year. Mr. Hill, the coach, has put a lot of effort into the team as have the members. It is hoped that next year our experience will enable us to forge ahead.

Girls' Intramural

Have you ever rushed to be on time for the noon-hour volleyball games? If you have, you will know the anxiety of wondering if your team is going to win. But for those who have won the Intramural Championships, the rush was worth it. Many times you have had to go without dinner, but the trophy is worth every twinge of hunger pains.

The fortunate classes to receive these awards are 12 S.C.; 11D; 10A; 9C1.

Girl's Basketball

Team sportsmanship was the main factor which kept the junior girls fighting. No matter how their fortunes fared, they always maintained a sportsmanlike attitude. They followed the old saying, "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game." You can be sure all the games were played "according to Hoyle", and according to the coach, Miss Comartin.

Various gymnasias boomed with thunderous roars as the senior girls scored basket after basket, in game after game, in their determination to be S.W.O.S.S.A. "A" champions. Their efforts were not futile, for they brought home the Edward V. Anderson trophy, a welcome sight after many seasons of preparation.

The guard line featured Barbara Lankin, Sue O'Neil, Mary Ramsay, Jill McLean, Marg Clare and Laura Martin, while the point-getters included high-scoring Linda Taylor, Chris Smith, Judy Stowe, Connie Stockwell, and Joyce Ukrainec.

We are proud of the girls who formed this fine team and of Miss Whittle, who led them to victory and great honour.

Cross Country

The cross-country meet was held in the fall at Point Pelee National Park. There were three divisions; the junior was represented by ten members, the intermediate by five members, and the senior by ten members. Thus participation had grown considerably from the previous year's team of five runners in all.

Mr. Hoffman who coaches the team deserves thanks for the time and effort he put into organization.

Boy's Basketball

This year's junior basketball team was not fortunate enough to emerge the victor in any of its games; but its drive, determination, and enthusiasm, plus the return of a good number of this year's team could lift the potential of our junior team to where the boys again lead their division. A great deal of thanks goes to Mr. Bondy for his fine instruction and for the driving ambition he helped build up in the team.

The senior team surmounted every obstacle in its course to present some of the finest basketball ever witnessed in gymnasias throughout the area. Aside from an initial fluky incident in Belle River, the boys completely annihilated all efforts of their opposition to capture their second E.C. S.S.A. title in a row. In the ensuing battle for the S.W.O.S.S.A. "A" laurels, they crushed Chatham Tecumseh's hopes beneath an avalanche of points in the first game, and the Braves could not overcome this overwhelming deficit. The Raiders thus became the A''' class champions.

And how thrilled we all were with their gallant efforts against Walkerville in the "AA" tournament. After an unsteady first quarter, the Raiders challenged Walkerville's every manoeuvre, and visibly shook the Windsor team's confidence, not to mention their score.

This was undoubtedly the best senior club the school has ever had. Much credit goes to Mr. Murray's strategy and inspiration; and many praises are due the team who conquered all adverse circumstances including the loss of two key players at crucial times. Proud we are of an exceptional team effort.

Hail the champions!

Boy's Gymnastics

Under the capable leadership and patience of Mr. Krayacich, many of the members of the gymnastics team greatly increased not only their ability on the apparatus, but also their powers of concentration and physical strength. The long hours of practice did not end in discouragement but in accomplishment. More and more students are participating in gymnastics each year.

Football

The Essex Red Raiders ended their regular season tied for second place with Leamington behind the now two-time champion Amherst team. The loss of quarterback Larry Cowan was overcome efficiently by Doug Francottie, but in the second meeting with Amherst, the only points in the 3-0 victory were scored with less than five minutes to go on a field goal which hit the cross-bar and fell over. Unfortunately the points were Amherstburg's. This ended any hopes the team had of a play-off. Again this year the team had two excellent coaches in Mr. Heenan and Mr. Hoffman, who anticipate good fortune in Essex's quest for top spot in the coming football season.

Boy's Volleyball

The boys' volleyball team provided the school with its first E.C.S.S.A. championship of the year. Of major importance was the spiking duo of Dave Hayman and Rod Wensley, whose tactics led to the perfect 8-0 record which the team scored for the season. The student body congratulates Coach Murray and company.

The Whistlers

The Referees' Club, under Miss Whittle and Mr. Heenan, had an excellent number of candidates this year. In order to qualify for his bar, a referee had to help in the football, basketball, and volleyball schedules. This activity promoted interest and helped immensely in the building of leadership qualities.

Without this group of people, the intramural games at noon would have been impossible. They have been yelled at and called down, but their decisions were true and final. The brave who ventured forth to make possible our intramural games both enjoyed and gained experience from this club.



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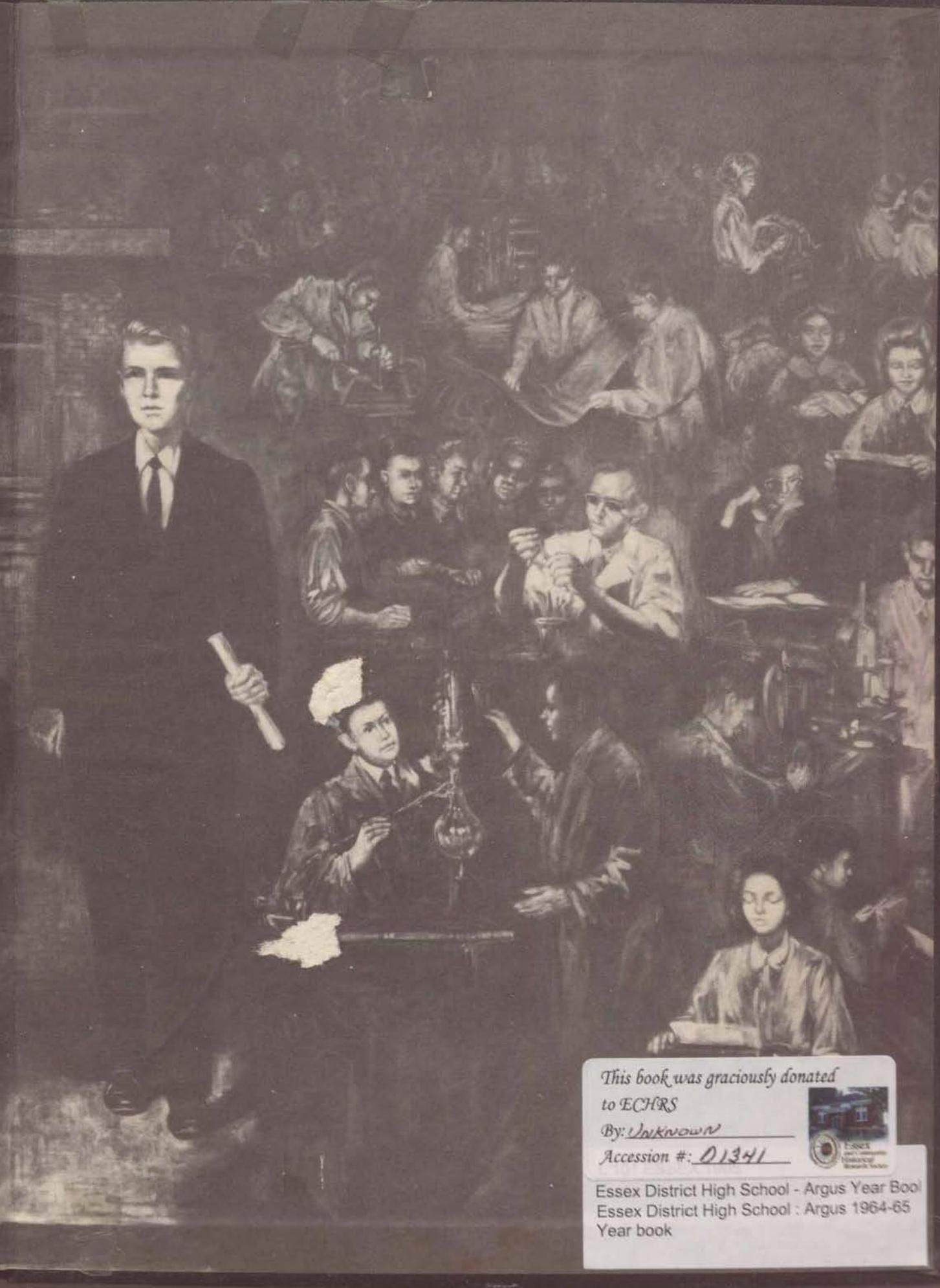


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Shaw's Men's Wear	Mr. & Mrs. L. Robinson
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Henderson's Hairdressing	Mr. B. Lickman
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